IF YOU WERE ILL OR MET WITH A SERIOUS ACCIDENT?

Send a postcard to-day for full particulars of a series of attractive assurances at moderate rates, now issued by the "British Dominions" providing for liberal benefits in the events of fatal and other accidents and most serious forms of disease and illness.

Please ask for "Accident, Sickness, and Disease Insurance" Prospectus.

EAGLE STAR & BRITISH DOMINIONS INSURANCE Company, Ltd.
Head Office—
British Dominions House,
Royal Exchange Avenue, E.C. 3.
Assets Exceed £16,000,000.

A GIFT PEN AND HOW TO OBTAIN IT. See Page 14.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXV. No. 660. SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1919. TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Lipton's for QUALITY.

The largest Tea Distributors, Manufacturers, and Retailers of Food Products in the World

Tea Merchants by Special Appointment to H.M. King George V.

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Branches and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

TWO FROM TIMBUCTOO TOO?

An average of

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Millions of capital and hundreds of workmen will be employed to rebuild the cities wantonly destroyed by Prussian militarism.

Thousands of contractors will be commissioned to perform the necessary work in all its manifold branches.

If you are preparing to make yourself responsible for some of this important work and will require temporarily some additional capital,

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FARROW'S BANK
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1, CHEAPSIDE,
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Branches throughout the United Kingdom.

A. H. & Co.

The "BLANCO" Tradition.

For more than a quarter of a century the old British Army "Blanco'd" itself clean and smart. This tradition, like the other worthy ones, holds true in the New Armies of to-day, and it holds because "Blanco" is still the most efficient article for its purpose.

In these Khaki-days

"BLANCO"

is made in 3 kinds:

"WEB-BLANCO"—a special preparation for cleaning all web equipment.

"KHAKI-BLANCO"—for cleaning Khaki-coloured Spats, Sun-helmets, Buckskin Belts, etc. May also be used for web-equipment.

"BLANCO" *(the original kind)* for cleaning all *White* equipment.

WAR OFFICE APPROVAL.

Sole Manufacturers: JOSEPH PICKERING and SONS, Ltd., Burton Road, SHEFFIELD.

JOHN BULL'S

VALUE 8/- FREE FIRE INSURANCE VALUE 8/-

UNDER this scheme, which is the most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER ever made, anyone can be insured irrespective of sex, between the ages of 10 and 70. **The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure the benefits we provide would certainly exceed 8s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.**

We have made our insurance as simple and comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "Legal representative" or "next of kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the registered reader, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. **A separate coupon must be filled up in respect of each person to be insured.**

To remain qualified for the benefits, readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

COVERING
ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO

HOME, LIFE and LIMB

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL FREE INSURANCE OFFER EVER MADE!

WHAT WE WILL PAY

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to ...	£200
In Case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home ...	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye ...	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his, or her, employment, up to ...	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 Per Week

CONDITIONS.

This offer applies only to persons over 10 years and residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland, and Wales.

Any number of persons in one family may be separately insured provided an order for JOHN BULL is placed and a registration form is forwarded in respect of each person.

Claims, which must be confined to one of the benefits, must be received by us within three days of the loss or damage, and in the case of death such death must occur within thirty days, and as a direct and sole result of the injury.

Payment will be made subject to any rights which the claimant may have or acquire against, or under, any other Insurance Scheme, Company, or otherwise, and the Proprietors of JOHN BULL shall not be liable until the registered reader has exhausted his or her rights under such insurance.

This offer applies only to the dwelling-house, apartments, or dwelling rooms attached to business premises, of the registered reader, but not to business premises or stock-in-trade.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments under this scheme to £10,000, and to discontinue or make any variation of this offer by the publication of notice in JOHN BULL.

The decision of the proprietors of JOHN BULL upon all questions shall be final.

In order to safeguard ourselves it is stipulated that a fire will not be recognised as such unless a call has been made upon the local Fire Brigade or appliance.

Enclose ½d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

ORDER FORM

TO BE FILLED IN BY NEWSAGENT.

To.....Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

January 25, 1919.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address.....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home.....

Jan. 25, 1919. .....

DON'T RUN NEEDLESS RISKS—FILL IN THESE FORMS TO-DAY

Homeland.

THE GREAT CHARTER OF A FULLER LIFE.

THE Rural Programme OF THE National Democratic and Labour Party.

BELIEVING that upon the Future of Agriculture largely depends the safety of the Nation, the National Democratic and Labour Party, with its band of Members in Parliament, intend fighting zealously by legislation and administration for the full adoption of the following programme, which will bring a fuller and a brighter life for the Rural People of the British Isles.

RIGHT OF THE STATE.—All Land to be held subject to the Right of the State to insist upon its best and fullest use. Public acquisition where necessary.

CULTIVATION.—All Land to be so cultivated as to yield the highest Food Value.

SECURITY OF TENURE.—To be made absolute, subject only to bad husbandry and non-payment of rent.

FINANCE.—State guaranteed Credit Banks to be set up to assist all Cultivators.

BUYING, MARKETING AND TRANSPORT.—By Co-operation in purchase and in marketing, and by new transport facilities and cheaper Railway Rates, the best economic results of their work to be secured to the Producers.

EXPERT HELP.—By means of Agricultural Instruction of Adults, of County Demonstration Farms run commercially, of large Scientific Research work, and of County Staffs of Agricultural Experts, to help the producers in every way possible to "carry on."

SUBSIDIARY INDUSTRIES.—The development of Subsidiary Industries beneficial to Agriculture, such as jam and bacon factories, creameries, beet sugar factories, vegetable-drying, and fruit-preserving factories, flax factories, straw plaiting, basket and toy making, and so on.

SMALL HOLDINGS AND ALLOTMENTS.—A large increase in Small Holdings and Allotments at a bare economic rent.

FRUITS OF THE WAR.—To place on the land in fully-equipped Small Holdings suitable Discharged Soldiers and Sailors, and to use all available buildings, buildings and machinery and conveniences left over from the War for the purpose of rural development instead of disposing of them through speculative contractors.

WAGES AND CONDITIONS OF WORK.—Maintenance of principle of a Statutory Minimum Wage for the Rural Workers to be fixed by Permanent Wage Boards, who shall also have power to deal with other conditions of employment, including holidays and hours of work. Encouragement of Trade Unions.

HOUSING.—A great scheme of Housing, so that every worker and his family can be housed under conditions of health and comfort, and so grouped as to secure community of living.

REPRESENTATION.—To secure the rural workers having a real voice in Local Administration, provision of payment for loss of time, and out-of-pocket expenses where necessary of members of Public bodies.

EDUCATION.—Such a development of Education as to secure the opportunity for every worker's child of a free entry into the great Democracy of the Intellect.

RECREATION.—New Compulsory Powers to the Parish Councils to provide Halls of Entertainment, and the encouragement of Parish Societies and Village Clubs, which shall bring light and brightness within reach of every rural home.

All who desire to help in securing this Charter should join the National Democratic and Labour Party and send a Subscription (minimum 1/- per year) to the Secretary—

DAVID GILMOUR,
NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC AND LABOUR PARTY,
Sicilian House, Sicilian Avenue,
LONDON, W.C.1.

C.P.B.1

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXV. No. 660. **Week ending Saturday, January 25th, 1919.** **Twopence.**

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Meeting of Parliament.

We have reason to believe that a further postponement, notwithstanding official denials, is under consideration. Perhaps this par. will prevent it.

"Name!"

Who was the Cabinet Minister who won a big sum by betting that our South Hackney majority would exceed 5,000—*and who took the bet?*

Pulling Wilson's Leg.

The Pope says, "President Wilson makes one think of St. Paul. He is the sole great mind which the war has revealed, and the twentieth century ought to be called 'Wilson's Century.'" Watch the Vatican!

The K.6.

The papers have been full of pictures and paragraphs about that wonderful British U-boat K.6—in which we had the thrill of a ride during our visit a year ago to the Grand Fleet, "somewhere *under* the Northern seas."

Transport Committee.

There are unpleasant rumours of the suppression by the House of Commons Select Committee on Transport of certain grave allegations made by one of the principal witnesses. Perhaps Sir Albert Stanley will enquire.

American Dumping.

What is this we hear about the dumping of thousands of tons of American manufactured cocoa on our markets, and the consequent loss of employment to British workmen? Now we know the objection to economic barriers!

The "Conchy" Scandal.

It is bad enough that "Conchies" should in any circumstances be released and returned to civil life before the soldiers get home, but it is infinitely worse that many of them are resuming their former occupations of schoolmasters and teachers. After all, the function of the schoolmaster is to teach the young idea "to shoot."

***Sir* Joseph Jonas, Limited.**

So at last, as the result of our intervention, the Board of Trade has "sanctioned" the change of name of Joseph Jonas' Company. The Home Office, however, does not propose to take steps for his denaturalisation as it is "not satisfied that either by act or speech is he disaffected or disloyal to His Majesty." Why, then, was he convicted?

At Last.

Congratulations to the authorities on at last recognising the justice of offering small Lots in connection with the sale of war stores.

Aircraft Insurance.

Surely the Government will do the honest thing by granting a rebate to persons who insured against aircraft damage shortly before the Armistice?

The Silence of Lady Susan.

We still await a disclaimer from Lady Susan Townley, wife of the British Ambassador at The Hague, of the report that she was one of the party which received the Kaiser.

Ireland.

In view of the first meeting of the Dublin "Parliament," which, at the time of going to press, is being called, we think we will once more postpone our scheme for the solution of this problem.

Satisfactory.

Our attention has been directed to Form M.C.10, issued by the Ministry of Munitions. It reads: "Tenders to Purchase—Lowest Tender not necessarily accepted." We are evidently getting to business at last!

Our New Partner!

According to the *Challenge*, "The Bishop of London and the Editor of JOHN BULL have joined forces in a campaign for the augmentation of the incomes of some of the more poorly-paid clergy in London." A true union of Church and State.

Correct.

Apropos of certain recent rumours, the *Edinburgh Evening News* quite correctly opines that we "may not be willing to risk our established position as a critic by venturing into the dangerous paths of public administration." But why "dangerous"?

The Angelus.

That was a pretty application of the Angelus idea when at the time of Mr. Roosevelt's funeral, every man and woman in America paused for a minute's silent meditation. Perhaps, before we maffick when Peace is declared we, too, may spare a moment for our dead.

Winston at Work.

Mr. Churchill has lost no time in getting into harness at the War Office. Within an hour of receiving his Seals of Office from the King, we were closeted with him, going through our recent Demobilisation correspondence with the Prime Minister—and we hope the result will be good

More Waste.

Is it now necessary to keep naval ratings on board merchant ships?

The Peace Picnic.

Elsewhere we deal with the great Paris Peace Picnic—the social function of the year.

Remember the Clerks.

In all our talk about minimum wages and the rest of it, do not let us forget the long-suffering Knights of the Quill—who are the most down-trodden section of the community.

Bolshevik Meetings.

We beg to direct the attention of the authorities to the meetings which are held in Finsbury Park and other public places every Sunday under the auspices of the *Herald* League. An official shorthand note of the speeches might prove interesting.

The Barbers' Strike.

Our sympathies are all with the men—the suggestion of the masters being that the increase of wages rendered necessary by the cost of living should be got out of the customers by means of a larger percentage on takings; and that means worrying and fleecing the public.

Exchange *and* Robbery.

In connection with the repatriation of British prisoners, there are two matters the Government should lose no time in putting right. One is the exchange of their mark notes into British currency, and the other the collection from Germany of the money due and unpaid for work done in the coal mines and elsewhere.

A Gift Horse.

Congratulations to Sir Owen Philipps and Lord Inchcape upon their patriotic offer to take over the nation's contracts for standard ships and resell the vessels, without profit, to other owners. But may we ask whether these are really "standard" or "fabricated" vessels—there is a vast difference? And will the scheme ultimately work out in the same way as did Furness, Withy's offer to do all the Government chartering free of cost?

Our Free Fire Insurance.

Despite the enormous number of coupons which we have received in respect of our new scheme, we have made arrangements which will enable us to keep pace with the registration work involved, and our readers may therefore rely that they are duly enrolled as beneficiaries. By the way, all ages from 10 years upwards are now eligible.

Property, Property, Property.

Laws are made to protect property! In Liverpool a nurse has just been sentenced to three years' penal servitude for stealing £8 13s. 6d., a gold ring, and other articles. And in the same city an old man was sent to gaol for the maximum period of six months for indecently assaulting two little girls in the Central Park, Liscard, after he had been warned about his abominable practices. Three years for theft; six months for a loathsome crime! Queer—isn't it?

A Paltry Man.

Behold in Mr. Palframan, Councillor of Whitby, a paltry man. The question before the Town Council was whether Whitby should "participate in the distribution of captured and surrendered trophies of war." Up bobs Mr. Palframan No, says he; "the weapons have been used for killing English people, and I think we ought not to encourage enmity between nations." What we ought not to encourage is balderdash and bunkum.

Shipping at Salonika.

Four ships have been used to carry fresh meat from Port Said to the Salonika base. Although troops have been withdrawn and the meat issue decreased, the four ships are still running. While one is discharging cargo in harbour there is always another, and sometimes there are two of them, lying there idle. Two ships could easily carry all supplies, the other two being released to relieve the shortage at home. There is plenty of idle tonnage at Salonika, if the Shipping Controller really cares to know.

Messrs. Conchy & Co.

By means of a petition which the notorious organ of the Bolsheviks, Defeatists, and Humiliationists outed from the late Parliament is sending out in blank; His Majesty's Government is called upon "immediately to release all political prisoners, including conscientious objectors." It is unthinkable that the Government should demobilise the young "Conchies" who have made themselves cushy before the return of the boys who have fought. Khaki first, to the fullest extent it can be spared from its long and arduous job!

L.C.C. on the Pounce.

Shocked by a devastating bomb dropped in Kilburn, a little girl of six temporarily lost her speech. She was taken by her mother to the Women's Hostel, Harrow Road, but there they said they could do nothing, so the mother went on to the family doctor. Yet the London County Council Divisional Offices, Edgware Road, are brazenly dunning the woman for the sum of "One Shilling for Medical Treatment," to avoid "extreme measures." The father is serving in France, so we wonder whether the L.C.C. really will issue a summons.

Bolshevism and Blether.

It seems that, on the astounding suggestion of the British Government, we came pretty near to sitting down with the tribes of Trotsky and Lenin at the Peace Conference, on the promise that, for a certain number of weeks, they would cease cutting each other's throats! M. Pichon knocked the bottom out of this crazy proposition by saying that France wouldn't have anything to do with such a bloody lot. If it had been agreed on, we should expect to find that the British Prime Minister had invited the Kaiser to breakfast.

The Sweater's Mite.

Who is the unconscionable sweater who hangs out his sign at 40, Tenby Street North, Birmingham? Our reason for asking is that he advertises in the local *Mail* his want of a clerk "to keep set works books, must be able to make rough sketches from articles, wages 25s." And this with brine bacon at 2s. 4d. a pound and Government eggs at 4½d. each. The successful applicant has our sympathy.

Woolworth's Huns.

In natural indignation, a Poulton man complains that he went into Woolworth's in Liverpool to buy some lead soldiers for his child, and when he arrived home he found they were model's of German and Austrian infantry. He asks us to imagine what his feelings were, after being "among the swines" in France, to bring them home modelled for his son to play with. What is difficult to imagine is that Woolworth's haven't more sense.

A Real Man.

Working as a labourer on the tramways of the Liverpool Corporation is a discharged soldier, who—he enlisted much under age—is now but 19. By an old rule of the Tramways Committee nobody under 21 is entitled to full wages, so this young fellow loses about 10s. a week. He was man enough to serve his country, but is not considered man enough when he serves the Liverpool Corporation. Its rule, we think, should in this particular instance be honoured in the breach.

To Die by Order.

When life itself depends upon it, the refusal of a passage to South Africa, because of the crowded state of the boats, is a terrible step. A superintendent-engineer, volunteer in the Boer War, now attacked with pulmonary tuberculosis, is ordered from this climate to save his life. His passport and all else is in order, but his passage, applied for some months ago, is denied him. A berth awaits him in South Africa, and health is promised, but cruel regulations order him to remain here, and, slowly but surely, to die.

Ill-Pay at Play.

Music hath no charms to soothe the savage breast of a certain organist now serving as an officer in the R.A.F. "Do you know the condition of organists?" he demands. "After years of training and much expense, the average stipend is £40 per annum. No one has taken up their cause. Could not you do something?" It is too late for them to strike for a war bonus. In the circumstances, the best we can do is to ask the churchwardens to post up a notice to the congregation asking them, if they appreciate the music, kindly to notify the same in the usual manner.

A Political Poltroon.

Defeat is a test of character. Sore all over from his beating at the polls, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald finds balm for his wounds in abusing those who have secured election to the House of Commons. "There are more scoundrels in this Parliament," he tells us, "than have ever been elected before." Still, let us not despair. After all, Ramsay Mac is about the last man we should listen to on a point of morals; but if gross and cruel slander of one's own country is an element in political rascality, we may at least congratulate ourselves that there is one scoundrel less in the House of Commons than there might have been, but for the good sense of the electors of Leicester.

Keep the Ward Fires Burning.

Inmates of St. John's Infirmary at Battersea are a little warmer now. Instead of freezing, as we pictured them, with only one fire in a big ward, and sometimes no fire at all, the old fellows, many bed-ridden, are now blessed with a couple of fires to each room. It is due to the Guardians to thank them for acting so promptly on our paragraph.

The Neglected Farm.

There is a farm at Wickford, in Essex, with valuable stock, but not a man to look after it since last September. The cattle are without attention, the seed for this year's crops is not sown, nor the fields ready. The reason, of course, is that the farmer is in France, wasting his time after gas and trench fever. The Essex County Council has seconded his application for release, but nothing happens, except that the farm dips deeper toward rack and ruin.

One Shilling for £100.

A cabman at Stockport has learned there is nothing mercenary about sheer honesty; it stands by itself, without a financial prop. He drove a fare to a local bank, a deal of money being also carried. When he went to his dinner he examined his cab in the usual way, and found therein £100, all in silver. Straight back to the bank he went, and handed over his treasure-trove. They received him most politely, thought that he merited reward, and then gave him a nice, bright shilling. His gratitude knows no bounds.

Billericay on Bunkum.

Billericay has what looks like the right sort of parson in the Rev. P. Loseby, Rector of North Benfleet. He is entitled to the benefit of his appearance on our first view of him by his straight, common-sense talk at the meeting of the Billericay Guardians, the "local nursing associate committees" having resigned rather than attend single women and widows in confinement. If that is moral it is aberration, and if it is sentiment it is bunkum, is more or less what the parson thinks of it and says of it, And we agree.

A German's Return.

At the Albion Cabinet Works, Bath, a German released from internment turned up the other Monday and is now back at the bench he used to work at. Till the man telephoned to announce his coming, the firm knew nothing of it, for they had not applied for his return. "The Government," says a partner, "took him away; the Government have sent him back." On the other hand, over 100 employees joined the Colours, and though the firm has in many cases applied for their release no answer has been received. The favour has gone to the German.

How They Did It.

Our contemporary, *Oil News*, is not in love with British bankers. It cites the case of an Englishman who, before the war, had an oil-well in Galicia that he wanted to deepen at a cost of £5,000. None of the British banks would look at the proposal. Finally, through a Lemberg agent, he was put in touch with the Deutsche Bank, whose officials were most obliging. They "sent the bill to their London Branch, bearing all the signatures, and obtained the money in the London market." This is one of the little games that must be stopped, and British bankers will have to relearn their business in the light of modern needs.

Laundry Prices.

A lady, resident at Bridgford, protests against the monstrous "laundry prices," and encloses her bill: Actual charge for week's washing, 3s. 11½d.; 6d. in the 1s. advan e, 2s.; paper for wrapping, 2d. "Apart from this, several things have had ½d. added." Many people would, and probably do, call this sort of thing sheer robbery. We prefer to let it speak for itself. After all, many people can't get their washing done at *any* price.

Waitresses' Wages.

Wages of waitresses in the provinces are as bad as they are in London, or even worse. In a restaurant at Colchester, described, not ironically, as "good-class," the neat-handed Hebes who wait are paid a slender 9s. a week, and upon that sum they are expected to dress nicely and live respectably. Tips, which are talked about, do not help much, for they average only about 1s. each weekly. The girls start work at 8.30 in the morning and cease at 8 at night. They are given dinner and tea, but those additions do not clear the salary list from the epithe t, disgracefu

The A.I.D. Again.

Not only in London is the Aeronautical Inspection Directorate slow in paying its wages bill. The bad example we cited against Clement's Inn was copied on a larger scale in Glasgow, where some 200 girls were put on compulsory holiday from December 28th to January 7th with no money in their pockets, two weeks' salary being overdue and unpaid. About 40 girls were discharged, with a promise of two weeks' pay in lieu of notice, but the promise was all they went away with. It is bad enough to treat men so, but to deprive girls of their money when away from home is still more wicked, for it may drive them to desperate courses.

Day In, Day Out.

In the Malton district the farmers are treading on their labourers with their heavy boots. Several speakers at the Malton Agricultural Club are dead against a weekly half-holiday for the workers. "It would be inconvenient," said Mr. Guy Raines, the Chairman, "to the majority of farmers," and the meeting decided "to take a firm stand against it." One who informs us of the meeting says he knows a man who has worked on a farm near Malton all his life, rising at 5.30 a.m. and returning at 7 p.m., for which labour he receives his food and 2s. a day, with "nothing for overtime." As a matter of fact, the Corn Production Act provides for a half-holiday. How many do the farmers take at their favourite hostelry?

Demobilise the Women.

Why on earth should the Government have decided that there is to be no general demobilisation of Waacs, Wrens and Wrafs till the summer? Numbers are being released on compassionate grounds—such as demobilisation of husband, and home sickness and other difficulties. But that's not good enough. The only reason for the girls not being released is that in this case, too, the much-advertised scheme of reconstruction has collapsed.

The Wee "Childer."

Catherine Green, who lives at Mackay Street, Belfast, with her wee "childer," is the widow of a soldier killed in France. It appears that she is personally objectionable to the owner, Miss Lizzie Anderson, (1) because she reported a defective grate to the Sanitary Authorities, (2) because she has these wee "childer." It is not a question of the rent; Miss Anderson refuses to accept it. The decree for eviction was put through the Court before the full facts were known. The case has now been adjourned. It would be perfectly infamous if Mrs. Green is ultimately turned out.

The Meanness Stakes.

Sheringham, Norfolk, is after that bun we presented to Bedford for meanness to Specials. Sheringham men have never received coat, cape, or any other article of clothing. They had to provide their own truncheons, whistles and lamps. But the other day they were ordered to assemble to receive a medal. At length their years of service were to be recognised. Alas and alack! The "medal" was a Special's ordinary coat-button metal badge, which should have been served out to them four years ago!

Was It Wicked?

Perhaps Mr. Richard Lamport, of Hale, near Farnham, could not help it, but that was a bitterly hard case in which he applied to the Magistrates the other day for an Ejectment Order against a poor woman with an invalid husband. "I have been in the house 14 years, and have given no trouble," pleaded the harassed wife. "My husband is helpless, and I have to dress, wash, and feed him, and I have a son who is a prisoner-of-war." Poor soul, she thought it "a wicked shame" that she should have to turn out. Whether it was, we must leave to Mr. Lamport's conscience.

The "Hidden Hand" Film.

Where to see it next week:—Swansea, Theatre Royal; Dumfries, Mechanics' Hall; Southampton, Shirley Electric Theatre; Surbiton, Coronation Hall; Gillingham, Invicta Cinema.

A Happy Ending.

Our story of damage done by straying cattle on allotments at Rickmansworth has had a happy ending. We learn that the Mr. Franklin who owned the cattle has expressed his regret, and compensation the allotment-holders. Those men say, quite truly, that the acknowledgment of fault was even more welcome than the monetary recompense. To endeavour, gracefully, to rectify a grievance is a more manly course than affecting to ignore it.

Not At All Saint Martin.

It was quite right for the Longton Bench to deal leniently with Chas. Kirkness, the shop assistant. But what about the master, Wm. Martin, of Stafford Street, Longton? The man had embezzled certain small sums. The master had employed him for 20 years, and was now paying him 26s. weekly, with dinner and tea daily. We believe that this Martin has not given any bonus to speak of since the war began, and that his wage list was before that of a most economical description. The offending shop assistant was bound over. But again we ask, what about Martin?

A Double

The eminent State philanthropist who has given 25s. a week for 13 weeks to discharged munitionesses, will be at least interested in the opinion of the manager of a laundry at Lower Tooting as to what his fate should be. In a letter to a customer explaining laundry difficulties, he says that "whilst a girl can get 25s. a week for doing nothing, she is not going to seek work in a laundry or anywhere else. The man who invented such a scandal ought to be hung on the nearest lamp-post and shot." As a double event this strikes us as almost Bolshevik in its ferocity.

Stealing His Business.

There ought to be some intelligent person at the War Office with power to release a man in the case of absolute necessity. A soldier, washing dishes after hospital, following service overseas, had left his business in the hands of a manager. That person now informs him he is about to set up in opposition close to the soldier's shop—hoping to steal his trade and his workpeople. The man who stayed at home contemplates profiting by the helplessness of the man who went, who is distracted by this threatened robbery of his life's work. Why can he not be spared from dish-washing?

Waiting to be Won.

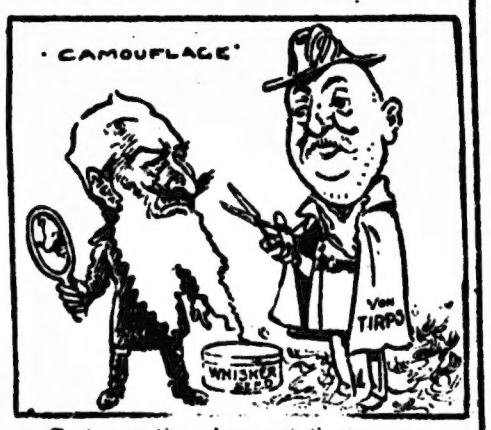
If you want to win £1,000, send in your "Bullets" coupon without delay. This is the last week of our special offer.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA

Money pulls the strings, 'tis shown,
The Hidden Hand seems found at home.

The wily Hun, chagrined and foiled,
Has to return what he's despoiled.

The many bids for Nell's old stage
Show that the house is still the rage.



To try another change of front
They're driven by their blank despair.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To Marshal Foch, Generalissimo of the Allied Armies.

DEAR MARSHAL,—It is consoling to know that you still keep under formal control the Armistice terms, and I am glad to see that you have no misgivings about the Hun. You do well to dissipate the illusion that "Germany is no longer capable of any further military effort." To quote your own words: "She still has an Army, though a disorganised one," and I am glad to see your warning that "we shall be in a state of war until after the peace negotiations are concluded." How I wish the politicians had left the business of finishing off the Hun to you and Haig!

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. T. E. Nicholas, Labour Candidate, Aberdare.

DEAR MOUTH ORGAN,—I see that, like several more distiuguished politicians, you have been explaining why you were not successful at the General Election. It was all the fault of a coalition—not the respectable gentlemen who will sit behind the Premier at Westminster, but "a coalition of publicans, drunkards, prostitutes, and half-witted discharged soldiers, exploited by the capitalist to prevent Labour stating its case." Very prettily put, certainly; but I don't believe a word of it. The Labour extremists failed to win Aberdare because they had a bad cause, and, if possible, a worse candidate.

JOHN BULL.

To His Worship the Mayor of Reading.

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—Until we dip below the surface, it sounds quite a pretty proposal on the part of the Reading Town Council to erect 500 houses for working people on a site near Manor Farm; but when it is stated that "Manor Farm" is merely a nice name for the Corporation Sewage Disposal Works, and that "Manor Farm smells" are a byword in the district, the scheme assumes quite another odour, so to speak. Anyway, you have been asked to call a town's meeting to enable the objectors to let off steam. Meanwhile, I am contradicting the rumour that *you* intend to have a new villa erected on the site.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Inverforth, Minister of Munitions.

DEAR MINISTER,—Some little while ago a firm of merchants applied to the Department of which you are now the head for a Permit authorising the manufacture of a consignment of tinplate to be sent to the Far East. The official reply was that permission could not be granted for the plates to be manufactured in Great Britain, but that "most likely the goods could be obtained in the U.S.A." It is rather alarming to find a British State Department advising merchants to seek abroad for goods that in the past have been a staple of home manufacture. *You* can do better than this.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Edwin Cornwall, M.P., National Health Insurance Commission.

DEAR SIR EDWIN,—Sorry to butt in if you are busy, but it is represented to me that you could not do better than establish a large new Sanatorium for Consumptives at Gretna Green. It appears that for the housing of munition workers the place was planned on garden-city lines, and most of the huts and bungalows might easily be adapted to the use of patients needing open-air treatment. I understand that the Ministry of Munitions have as yet made no plans for the disposal of the property. Seize your chance.

JOHN BULL.

To A. E. Passingham, Esq., Clerk to the Rural Food Council, Hitchin.

DEAR FRIEND,—When I heard that you had requested the reduction of your own salary you might have knocked me down with a feather; when I read that your Committee had accepted the sacrifice, I said "Down go the rates at Hitchin." Please mention my name to the Mayor, and tell him that if he has any old statue in the midst, he has my permission to take it down and erect one to you. With every good wish when the landlord comes for the rent,

JOHN BULL.

To H. Eastcott, Esq., J.P., Gateshead.

DEAR SIR,—So you wouldn't sign an ex-soldier's unemployment benefit certificate, eh? As long as the men get their 29 bob a week they won't trouble to find work, won't they? And your own firm could start 50 or 60 men at once, could it? Splendid! Does your firm pay trade union rates; and where do you advertise? Perhaps what you want is a horde of unemployed, with nothing to fall back upon, who will take any sweater's wage. But in any case, you needn't insult the men who have fought for the likes of you.

JOHN BULL.

To The London O.T., Ltd. (Australia), 35-38, Rushworth Street, Blackfriars, London.

DEAR SIRS,—You certainly are O.T. You are writing to publicans advising them, when selling spirits, to "fill two-thirds of measures, making up the rest with O.T.; *for this you charge the ordinary price*, so not only do you increase your sales, but you increase your profit." As a dozen bottles of O.T., carriage paid, cost 21s., the fraud on the public would be a fairly large one. I hope to see the Inland Revenue authorities, to say nothing of the Public Prosecutor, on your trail, and that of anyone who takes your insidious advice.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Walter Walsh, D.D., Whetstone, N.

DEAR DOCTOR,—I have been looking over that letter which you and a few of your friends have addressed to President Wilson, and I am bound to say that I think you might have been better employed. The whole production savours most unpleasantly of pro-German intrigue, and when you lay such stress upon the statement that the American President "stands outside the whirlwind of hate and acquisitiveness which is sweeping over the world," you are guilty of a deliberate aspersion upon the just aims of Great Britain and her European Allies. Before repeating such a grotesque performance, you had better make sure that your credentials will bear inspection.

JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" PARLIAMENTARY BUREAU.

SAMPLES OF THE CASES WHICH CALL FOR JUSTICE.

Each week the need for the Bureau is more strongly emphasised by a large circle of readers, and it is obvious that, as time goes on, our work in this connection will become increasingly important. The following paragraphs contain details of cases typical of those with which we are constantly dealing.

For three years a dental officer has served in various camps at home and abroad. He gave up a good practice in his own town to "do his bit," but on resigning his commission to resume his practice next March, he is informed that he will not receive one penny gratuity or bonus, although he has been paying full rent and taxes for his house all the time he has been away. It will take him years to rebuild his practice, and in the meantime, as he is entirely without private means, he will be compelled to borrow in order to "carry on." Provision *must* be made in such circumstances.

In the early days of the war the Postmaster General offered "full civil and military pay and all emoluments accruing therefrom" to members of the Post Office staff who enlisted in the Royal Engineers Signal Service as skilled telegraphists, etc. War bonus was not included and, of course, not expected. For a time this promise was kept, but during the last two years the increases in separation allowance, Army pay, etc., have been deducted from the civil pay. Added to this, the Post Office authorities have now announced their intention to impound the war gratuity of those men who have been receiving a portion of their civil pay. This matter must be dealt with in an absolutely fair manner. Nothing else will satisfy the men concerned or the public conscience.

Time, too, must be found in the new Parliament to deal with Divorce Reform, the need for which is revealed in the large number of cases which have reached the Bureau. A young woman states that for six or seven years she has been tied to a man who has never lived with her or contributed to her support. He has spent most of the time abroad, where she is unable to reach him. Until the law comes to her aid she is helpless.

Reference has already been made to grievances affecting the Civil Service, but a number of our correspondents appear to be afraid that if they send us full details, the facts may be disclosed in such a manner as to penalise them. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that all letters are treated as absolutely confidential, whether dealing with the Civil Service or any other subjects.

It is not surprising that some of the parochial clergy should write to the Bureau. One minister states that the tithe of his parish is commuted at about £280. Out of this he has to pay £40 in local rates, plus King's taxes, dilapidations and the upkeep of an old and waterlogged vicarage. This naturally leaves very little for the maintenance of a wife and family. Some general adjustment in this and other cases is long overdue.

All communications must be addressed to "Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P., Parliamentary Bureau, JOHN BULL Office, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2." *Original* documents should not be sent in the first instance.

INDUSTRY DISQUALIFIED.

PUNISHED FOR PREFERRING WORK TO IDLENESS.

Two young women, when they left munition work, were disinclined at once to rush after unemployment money. Being public-spirited, and sincere, they preferred to earn their bread. So they obtained berths with the Alpha Works, at Acton, being told that when they were proficient they would get good wages. They accepted, as learners, pay that came to 17s. 3d. a week, thinking to obtain the modest amount of 25s. after two or three weeks. They could not very well do with less, for they were in lodgings, and it cost them £1 a week to live. But, when they were transferred to piece-work at the full wage, the utmost they could earn, inclusive of bonus, was £1 0s. 9d. They battled on for five weeks, and were then compelled to give in their notices. No objection was taken to their leaving, and they were asked for no reasons. They duly registered at the Labour Exchange. On making a second call there, they were told that, as they had left the Alpha Works voluntarily and without cause, they were disqualified for six weeks from receiving the unemployment grant. Had they been shirkers, they might have drawn, from the very first, for doing nothing, money which is now denied them because of their shining honesty. From the many complaints which we are receiving we are forced to the conclusion that the scheme is being bungled in a hopeless way—on the one hand, "workshies" are being maintained in comfortable idleness; on the other, the industrious are treated in the most scurvy manner. Now that the Election is over, perhaps someone in authority may find time to look into the matter.

WANTED! AN OPEN DOOR.

"And when he found the door was shut
He tried to turn the handle, but—
And then he found the door was locked;
And so he knocked, and knocked and knocked!"

He'll keep on knocking too, I guess,
Long after we have gone to Press.

OH, WHAT A DIFFERENCE!

SUCCESSFUL PLAINTIFF'S FORMER LAPSE.

Congratulations are due to Mr. Frederick W. Jenkins, an engineer, of Victoria Street, S.W., upon his success in a recent action-at-law. Mr. Jenkins sought damages for defamation of character from another engineer, Mr. F. E. W. Bowen. Undeniably, Mr. Jenkins had been libelled. "Of course," Mr. Bowen had written to a mutual friend, "you will remember Mr. Frederick William Jenkins was negotiating for the sale of a certain explosive for some considerable time, but when he found my explosive was being purchased for the United States Government, he obtained from me by a trick and false representations a document by which he was to receive half the proceeds." It is only fair to Jenkins to say that when he issued a writ for libel Bowen did not defend, damages in default being assessed at £250. How came the defendant to be so misled as to the plaintiff's character? We cannot say, unless he had been looking over the reports of a case heard before Mr. Justice Sargant in 1915, in which Mr. Jenkins with others was sued by a Mr. F. J. Rowland, who asked the Court to set aside certain transactions on the ground of fraud. In this case Mr. Jenkins was not so successful. Indeed, the learned Judge said, "The transactions in question undoubtedly resulted in the transfer to Jenkins of £3,000 of the plaintiff's money and bills for a number of perfectly worthless items of property." And again, "The evidence of the defendant, Jenkins, was shifty and prevaricating in a very high degree." This was a pretty stiff condemnation, and at the time we took leave to suggest that Jenkins was not the man to wear the King's uniform as he then had the honour to do, holding a commission in the Territorial Force Reserve. It does not follow, of course, that because Mr. Jenkins was a swindler and a liar in 1915, Mr. F. E. W. Bowen was justified in libelling him now; but we can see how the mistake may have arisen.

APPALLING WASTE.

ONE OF THE WAR'S BLACK PAGES.

As regards waste and mismanagement the war had few darker episodes than the Loch Doon scandal. In 1916, the War Office, at the instance of Sir David Henderson, Director General of Military Aeronautics, determined to build a fully equipped school of aerial gunnery. The site hastily chosen was in the neighbourhood of Loch Doon, Ayrshire, the proposal being to erect an aerodrome, with hangars, seaplane sheds, etc., on an expanse then occupied by a large peat-bog. To the trained eye of the Director of Fortifications "the conditions seemed rather questionable," but Sir David Henderson, backed up by Brigadier-General Brancker, Director of Air Organisation, insisted that the wild-cat scheme should be put into immediate execution. And what a scheme it was! First of all, fifty miles of pipes were laid down to drain the bog preparatory to building. The level of Loch Doon was raised six feet, and altogether nearly a 100,000 tons of building material were handled by the contractors. "The works," said the Select Committee, reporting after the utter collapse of the project, "were planned on the most generous scale." Generous, indeed!—profligate, wasteful, wicked. Early last year, wiser counsels having prevailed at the Air Ministry, the mad idea was abandoned, and to-day the site of this colossal blunder is a happy hunting-ground for greedy contractors, the debris of the dismantled works being disposed of at thieves' prices to speculators in the building line. It is officially stated that £500,000 of public money has been sunk in the peat-bog at Loch Doon. Shrewd business men who have surveyed the ground smile at this figure and count the cost in millions. As War Secretary, and head of the Air Ministry, it should be one of Mr. Churchill's first tasks to sift this scandal to its depths. Meanwhile the undamaged building material ought at least to be disposed of at fair prices, so as to redeem some slight fraction of the nation's appalling loss.

STAND AND DELIVER!

AN UNDESIRABLE "CUSTOM OF THE TRADE."

As long ago as last May a lady sent £2 for a dress-stand to the Clark Dress Stand Company, Principal, Walter Clark, of 3, Tottenham Street, Tottenham Court Road. At the date of writing these lines she has not received the article paid for, nor has Walter Clark, Principal, thought fit to return her money. His firm have made promises. In June they promised "attention"; in July they "hoped to dispatch at an early date"; in October they had "pleasure in advising" that the order would be "dispatched during the next two weeks." Since then silence. We feel bound to state that this is by no means the first time readers have written to us in dissatisfaction with the Clark Dress Stand Co. They are not alone in this dilatoriness; delay seems to be a habit of other firms also in the trade. It is a bad one.

A TRAGEDY OF THE STREET.

DOCTORS, POLICE, AND GAPING CROWD.

Has the war made us callous? On a recent Saturday night, a lady tells us, a man rushed into a chemist's shop in Ladbroke Grove, London, and asked the proprietor to come and look at a man outside—a discharged soldier, gassed in the war, who had been "taken bad." The chemist said he could not attend to him. Outside our informant found the man "sitting on the cold wet paving stones, bleeding profusely from the nose," evidently in a state of collapse. Immediately she went to fetch the nearest doctor; he was too busy. She hurried to another; he also had something else to do. She summoned a policeman; he sauntered to the scene as if he did not wish to arrive till the middle of next week. There was now a gaping crowd around the man. This crowd attracted a police sergeant. Seeing the constable there, he made a sarcastic remark about policemen being scarce and then went away, eventually returning and bringing with him one of the doctors who had refused to attend the man. "The poor fellow was past all human aid," so the doctor returned to finish his dinner. The sergeant 'phoned for an ambulance, which arrived about 10 minutes later. After a lapse of 5 or 10 minutes it was discovered that it was without a stretcher, and still the dying man sat there on the cold stones, and expired "huddled up like a dog." This is what the lady saw with her own eyes. No comment of ours could make more vivid the tragedy, the pathos—and shall we say the shame?—of the picture.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

ASTOUNDING MILK REVELATIONS AT INQUEST.

A farmer named Poysey, of Parkes Farm, Nanpanton, Loughborough, had a fatal cow which was milked by himself, by his cowman, and by his wagoner; the cowman and the wagoner recovered; the farmer 'twas that died. Listen why. "The evidence showed that the cow had a bad udder, from which pus and blood oozed when she was milked." The farmer contracted a disease, which broke out in a rash all over his body, ulcerated his cheeks, and "gradually ate away the whole of the right side of the face." Dr. Kilvert was the witness who disclosed these nauseating medical details. According to the local reporter, "the jury returned a verdict in the terms of the medical evidence." Above all the disgust and horror excited by this abominable spectacle of a British farmer pumping into his pails a mixture of blood and pus and milk from a loathsome cow for the nourishment of his fellow-creatures, arises this our curiosity: What has become of that cow? Is it slaughtered? It does not appear from the report of the inquest that anybody asked a question about it. Also, what has become of the Derby inspectors of the farm and the milk?

THE MAYORESS AND HER SHIRKER BROTHER.

OUR ANSWER TO HIS WORSHIP OF ST. HELENS—AND THE LETTERS.

AT the risk of disturbing the feelings of satisfaction naturally experienced by Dr. H. B. Bates, Mayor of St. Helens, at receiving what one of his colleagues described as the "Municipal Victoria Cross"—in other words, the Freedom of the town of which he has been four times Chief Magistrate—we are compelled to deal in some detail with His Worship and the Mayoress. It will be recalled that in JOHN BULL, under title "Worse than a Conchy," we wrote a short article condemning the action of a certain Private Rigby, brother-in-law of the Doctor. This person had done his best to escape military service. He had fled to Ireland to be safe as he thought from the arm of the law; he had masqueraded under a false name, and as he himself has expressed it, "saved three years" by shirking his duty to his King.

"Worse than a Conchy" was a mild way of describing the ways of this person; while as to Dr. Bates, he was quite faithfully and indeed mildly dealt with in JOHN BULL. We need not go beyond His Worship's own admissions—he has sent evidently inspired statements two columns in length to the local Press. "It is true," he says, "that Private N. A. Rigby, of the 4th Monmouth Regiment, is the brother of my wife, and that *he did evade military service* when his turn came to be called up." "But," he continues, "from the day he left St. Helens until his arrival at Shrewsbury, neither my wife nor myself had any communication with him, and until he was *arrested in Ireland* neither of us knew where he was. We disapproved of the action he had taken, and it caused a separation between members of the family." What the separation was is not stated. But this we know: that as soon as Rigby was laid by the heels and forced into the Army the Doctor, according to his wife, the Mayoress, moved heaven and earth to get this dear fellow out of the Army and back into civil life. This is what Councillor Colonel Jackson spoke over the flowing bowl, when toasting the honour of the Freedom to the Mayor. We quote from the newspaper which asks the good people of St. Helens to believe that JOHN BULL is guilty of a "vicious attack" and of "lying insinuations." The gallant Colonel "spoke of the splendid response in men which St. Helens had made in the war. He saw one of them a few days ago and was sorry to say there were only four of them left. St. Helens had a record which would prove, when all the facts were made known, second to no town in the country." All honour to the brave St. Helens lads who had fought and bled and died. Even the Mayor, when he received the Municipal V.C., waxed eloquent in part of a sentence over "the sacrifices that have been made of the manhood of the town." Contrast that with the conduct of his brother-in-law Rigby, as revealed in a letter from which we quote the following. It was written at Copthorne Barracks, Shrewsbury, on October 20th last, telling of the "climax to my Irish stay"—meaning the end of his contemptible attempt to "evade military service":—

> On the 10th July last a proclamation was issued calling up all English people in Ireland, and the Irish people and authorities practically searched every nook and corner with the one object of getting in all Englishmen so as to save their own skins from conscription. I had got a very nice appointment some three months ago as mathematical professor in one of the largest colleges in Dublin. The salary was £300 per annum with board and residence, and I thought having got such a fine thing that I would be all right. However, the very worst came and I had to report or stand the humiliation of a Court proceedings and publicity, and then be handed over, for any defence set up in any Court *would never have saved me*. I was very fortunate, too, in crossing over. I actually was on the *Leinster*, the torpedoed boat, but as there were too many passengers on her I was set back, and came over on the two o'clock afternoon boat from North Wall. As the ship proceeded I saw scores of bodies floating in the water, and lots of wreckage everywhere from the *Leinster*, as the disaster had only occurred a few hours previous.

It might have been expected that that awful spectacle, witness to the barbarous cruelty of the Hun, would have fired the breast of any man worthy to call himself British. But note the continuance of Rigby's letter:—

> My sister for the fourth successive year has been elected Mayoress of St. Helens, and it has been arranged that they will get me into civil life as soon as possible. My brother-in-law being the Mayor and a Doctor can fix all these things up for me. Both my sister and brother have interviewed the officer commanding here, and I am here pending a return to civil life. Of course it may take a bit of working and may take a week or two. The life here is terribly coarse, and one meets with quite a motley crowd; the language is profuse and so demoralising. However I keep myself all to myself and know that all is being done for me to get into civil life; it helps me along daily. . . .
>
> I never thought my life would come to this. I am glad to be on English soil again, and I think although I have gained nearly three years by being away, still if I had gone the right way about it I might have been in a real big position in England and nicely settled. However, my chance will come again, and if I will be patient a few weeks my sister promises my release. I was always in a sort of dread all the time I was over in Ireland, and I now feel a more free man; still this Army life is most trying. However, I will be able to say now that I have done my bit, and I will be able to move about in future with freedom.

That despicable letter speaks for itself. Moreover to what extent the Mayoress was pulling the strings for her dear brother the following epistle shows. It is dated "Sutton Hall, St. Helens, Oct. 25th, 1918":—

> My Dear Brother,—I hope you don't think we are not doing our best for you. The Doctor wrote to Major Rundle on Saturday afternoon after getting your letter in the morning, but he never answered the letter. However I may tell you this, that the Doctor has got all his part of the work done and in order ready for working it through, and Percy Glover was here last night, and he is working it up. But now we are waiting for Johnson; he as (*sic.*) never put in a claim for you or filled in the forms, so we are stuck. But cheer up, all will come right in the end, if it is in our power at all. But whatever you do don't say a word to anyone of what we are doing, or it might all be stopped; just have patience. Now, Noah, do be careful and don't tell a word to anyone. Now just write and tell me all about your new camp and what the food is like. Now be careful in every way and cheer up. We will help you. With heaps of love. Your sister, CISS.

In the attempt to make answer to us the Mayor has stated that when he wrote to Major Rundell he "told him quite plainly that this man was his brother-in-law"; he did the same when he wrote to Major Cleveland, R.A.M.C., Norfolk War Hospital, Norwich, where, so far as we can understand, Rigby suffered from an attack of pleurisy. We venture to point out that this was exactly the way to secure favouritism if there was any such commodity going. But His Worship seeks to justify what he did by saying that Rigby was in a bad state of health when he reached Shrewsbury. There is not a word of this in Rigby's letter whining at being at last roped in, and not a word in "Ciss's" letter to suggest that this "Worse than a Conchy" was in such a condition as to warrant his discharge from the Army. And what is more, if a stupid and impertinent epistle which Rigby has himself addressed to us has any meaning, neither the manœuvres of "Ciss" nor the methods of the Doctor, who had got "all his part of the work done," were fortunately of any avail. Rigby is still Rigby of the 4th Monmouths. Whether Johnson put in a claim as a second string to the sick bow is for the present unrevealed. But we have this effusion from Rigby, dated "Walcot, Norfolk, January 11th, 1919," in which he offers an "unvarnished story in answer to the scurrilous charges." This he does "as much for the benefit of the public as to vindicate my character in the eyes of my fellow townsmen." He tells us that in 1914 he voluntarily offered his services to the Press Bureau "in any ministerial capacity." That offer was turned down; also similar offers to the Admiralty and Munitions. Then comes this delicious piece of impudence from the man who hid in the great funk-hole, Ireland, until he was routed out by the police:—

> It is quite clear that on each occasion my applications were put aside by junior officials who were shielding themselves under the umbrella of Whitehall, fearing they would have to leave their funk-holes. . . . During my residence in Ireland I voluntarily offered myself for enlistment on three occasions, but being of low category was rejected on each. Pressure for men came, and the age-limit being raised I was again subjected to examination. . . . I was placed B2, and my subsequent illness bears out the truth of the statement. Any impartial critic in view of the above cannot challenge my patriotism, and I could name scores in St. Helens and in other parts of the British Isles who are arm-chair critics whose record during the greatest crisis in the annals of history would not bear comparison.

To what extent this "unvarnished" statement squares with his own letter in which he tells of his Irish experience and the published declaration of his brother-in-law, the Mayor, that he evaded military service and was arrested, we leave Rigby and His Worship to settle between them. We have nothing to withdraw; we think the apologia of the Mayor of St Helens lamentably weak, the action of the Mayoress in all the circumstances wholly reprehensible, and we trust other Mayors will not feel disposed to regard Dr. Bates's methods as worthy of imitation. We leave the good people of St. Helens to judge between His Worship, the Mayoress and JOHN BULL.

A HOARY SCANDAL.

SUSTAINED ASSAULT ON FAMILY FREEDOM.

When Boards of Guardians are abolished, as they doubtless will be in the near future, there is one of their powers which must not be transferred to their successors, but absolutely extinguished—we mean, of course, the authority under which children are snatched from the sight of their parents, and banished into the unknown, all clue to their whereabouts being studiously concealed. For years we have been labouring at this theme, yet scarcely a week passes without some fresh evidence of the scandal. The other day we received a letter from a soldier who stated that for twelve years he had not seen his brother and two younger sisters, who, owing to family misfortune, had a long while ago become chargeable to the Bradford Union. Being comfortably married, and looking forward to his release from the Army, the good fellow was hoping that it might be possible to restore some measure of family union, but all the comfort that was to be got from the Bradford Guardians was contained in the following letter: "I am instructed to inform you that your application for the addresses of your brother and sisters has not been granted." From this it is evident that the youngsters are no longer in the direct care of the Guardians; no doubt they have been "boarded out" in the usual fashion, the girls most probably to domestic service, and the boy to farm work or some other form of heavy labour. It is just the same old scandal as we have so often exposed in connection with Poor Law Institutions and Industrial Schools. The details of the young people's fate is a matter of uneasy speculation. Not a shred of information will the Guardians concede. The elder brother, now for all practical purposes the head of the family, is to be kept in utter ignorance of the children's condition. The surprising thing is that the public should have so long acquiesced in this wanton invasion of family rights.

BRITISH STEAMERS FROM INTERNMENT.

A BILL THAT DEMANDS IMMEDIATE PAYMENT.

Lying in German harbours when war broke out were many British ships. They have been detained by Germany ever since, and it seems that the owners are to be indemnified for the seizure and detention: their losses go down on the bill for settlement. But what of the seamen? Their case stands on exactly the same footing, but there is no whisper of payment of any indemnity. They were on board, pursuing a peaceful avocation, and no rumour of trouble reached them; they had no warning even from British Consuls. When the thunderclap came they were not permitted to leave; some were forcibly detained before the Declaration of War. In November, 1914, they were taken from their ships and placed in internment camps, remaining there till November 22nd, 1918, when they were brought home. On their arrival in England, they were each handed £2, a railway ticket, and nothing more. Meanwhile, for four years curious things had occurred. A few good shipowners paid the men's wages to their dependents, some paid part, the majority paid nothing. A test claim was taken to the House of Lords, and the judicial decision was that the owners were not liable for wages after the men were removed from the ships in November, 1914. On top of that the Board of Trade and the Shipping Controller were forced to act, for shame's sake, and they ordered owners to pay half wages during internment, with the curious proviso—all for the benefit of the owners, as usual—that 80 per cent. of the amounts paid would be refunded by the Board of Trade. Those owners, once more, were on velvet. It seems to us only the barest measure of justice that the men should be paid in full for their sufferings. Their bill is as ripe for settlement as is that of the shipowners.

Cheeriboy's Peace Topics, No. 5

Disarmament.

"Ay," says Cheeriboy, "I'm a firm believer in disarming all the powers of evil, and of reducing the possibilities of sanguinary struggles occurring again. Give me the ploughshare in preference to the Maxim, and steam engines in place of cannon. All that civilised nations need is just a sufficient military police force to preserve the peace."

Preserve the peace is an excellent phrase, and well describes the pacific and curative action of Page Woodcock's Pills, for this wonderful British remedy in millions of instances has kept physical insurrection at bay, and allowed men and women to live healthy lives. By its timely use the "Bolsheviks" of the human system are exiled, and every organ and function maintained at highest excellence. Page Woodcock's Pills are the standard remedy for indigestion, biliousness, constipation, anaemia, palpitation, blood impurities, kidney complaints and liver troubles.

They make and keep you fit!
70 years' reputation.
Sold by all Chemists.
Have cured millions. Will cure you.

Page Woodcock's Pills

1/1½ 10d

MR. ASQUITH.

AN IMAGINARY INTERVIEW.

Disguised as Mrs. Hope of Luffness I got on the track of Mr. Asquith and confronted him so suddenly that the great Wait-and-See let fall an exclamation that I thought it as well not to pick up, JOHN BULL being a family publication.

"I hope I see you well," was my opening remark.

"I was hoping you couldn't," muttered Mr. Asquith abstractedly. "Er — that is to say, we haven't been introduced. Mrs. Asquith is picking blackberries in the thicket, and ——"

"Blackberries?" I repeated with astonishment. "At *her* time o' life? — er — I mean, at this time o' year?"

"Dear me!" returned Mr. Asquith testily. "I may be wrong. It may be nuts and may. I don't know, I'm sure."

"Or figs from thistles," I suggested. "I suppose you know who I am?"

"Yes, yes," stammered the rejected of East Fife. "My evil genius. (*Shudder.*) Why are you here?"

"Because *you* are," was my reply. "If you were not, I should be comfortably seated in the office at Long—er—that is to say, I should be lounging in my pretty pink boudoir at Luffness."

"Luff me, and the world is mine!" gibbered the agitated statesman.

"Whereas," I continued, ignoring the interruption, "I have taken the trouble and put myself to the expense (fares are still up fifty per cent., you know) to come down for the express purpose of telling you that, while there's life there's Hope!"

"I had a premonition of this," replied Mr. Asquith, in a tearful tone. "You ladies are so vindictive. What I presume you to mean is that, politically, I shall never be without Hope?"

"Herbert," I responded, solemnly, "I am too soft-hearted to condemn you to a Hopeless existence. From this time forward, whithersoever thou goest, there also will I go. Whatsoever constituency thou woest, that constituency also will *I* woo."

"Woo is me—I mean woe," moaned Mr. Asquith. "Then you are determined not to let me have a walk-over—not even if that new peerage gives me a chance in Wales?"

"Fully determined," I replied firmly. "And at the next nomination there will be no cheque."

"You mean check?" suggested Mr. Asquith.

"I *said* cheque," was my retort.

"Do you know, Mrs. Hope, it was a tactical error on my part not to have appealed to the Returning Officer to allow your nomination to stand good."

"You regret that advantage was taken of a mere woman's ignorance of electoral procedure?" I asked with a softened voice, and trying my best to work up a languishing look.

"Yes," replied Mr. Asquith. "I reckon I lost more votes through that than I did through my war record. I've come to the conclusion that chivalry pays in some cases. At any rate, I fancy it would have been worth a couple of thousand votes in that instance, and might have saved my seat."

I sighed.

"Ah, if you had only followed Mrs. Asquith's advice," I murmured.

Mr. Asquith laughed for the first time.

"Ha-ha!" he roared, "Do you imagine, ha-ha!—that my wife—ha-ha!——"

At this moment Mrs. Asquith appeared from out the thicket.

Mr. Asquith suppressed his momentary panic and addressed me loudly:

"The second on the left, madam," he said, with an anxious wink, "and then keep straight on."

Then to his wife:

"Ahem! *There* you are, my dear! This lady has been inquiring ——"

But at this point I passed out of hearing.

I AM THE KING

The Paris Picnic—Two from Timbuctoo, Too?—A

By THE E

WELL, time is going on, and we are still waiting to begin the real, definite work of the Paris Peace Conference. In the parlance of sport, it is the longest preliminary canter I have ever known—and the field certainly is one of the largest. Amongst the latest arrivals, I see, are Siam and Haiti and the King of the Hedjaz, but so far I have not noticed the King of the Cannibal Islands or of Timbuctoo. The company, too, looks like being most fashionable. Little Miss Megan is there, with a bevy of beauties in their new gowns, and there has already been a fancy dress ball—the ladies being disguised as "secretaries" with a gramophone as the band. France, it appears, wasn't quit ready for the social side of the Conference—but we shall get her up to the scratch in time.

Clemenceau and Wilson.

Clemenceau, you see, is an old man, and he takes the thing seriously. But we must forgive him; after all, he has lived in the war—and in the one which preceded it. And he cannot get out of his mind the France that he loves so well, and the million dear dead lads who sleep under its blood-stained soil; and the weeping women and children, the outraged girls, the affrighted old folk—and all the other horrors of the past few years. These things darken the evening and eclipse the setting sun of the old man's life, and he is sad, and perhaps a little bitter. I read the other day that Mr. Wilson had purposely refrained from visiting those scenes of ruin and desolation—"lest his heart should be filled with too great a hatred of the enemy." Like the sensitive soul he is, he prefers to view the tragedy from afar. And he won't be hurried. He is President-Designate of the League of *Notions*, and has wonderful ideals about the new era "when the war-drum beats no longer, and the battle flag is furled—in the Parliament of Man, the federation of the world." Fut Clemenceau wants to punish Germany and to make her pay for the war. All the poetry in *his* soul is for his own people—his Belle France. And, in God's name, so is mine—for those million martyrs who have laid down their lives for *my* beloved land. And in *their* name I say to the Prime Minister and his army of assistants—*Get on with it!* What are we waiting for? The Armistice was signed on November 11th—two months and a half ago. The "Mandate of the People" was secured on December 14th. What are we waiting for? Any trouble between the Allies and America? From certain words in the official communication from the Conference, one might be tempted to think so. Listen, for instance, to this: "The representatives of the Allied and Associated Powers are holding conversations in order to solve questions which affect the vital interests of many nations, *and upon which they may at present hold many diverse views.*" Doesn't sound very promising, does it?

What We Voted For.

But, on the other hand, we have that very explicit declaration of President Wilson that he is "in complete accord" with the Allies—so these "diverse views," we may take it, are not of a very serious character; and I think we must look elsewhere for an explanation of the delay in getting to the real business of the Conference. And I fancy it is to be found in the idea that before actually settling anything, we must await Germany's convenience! Yes, that seems to be the answer. Germany has no "stable Government" with whom we can "make peace," and so we must keep hundreds of thousands of men hanging about, doing nothing, whilst their businesses at home are going to rack and ruin. We cannot demobilise because when we had the enemy at our mercy on November 11th we didn't insist upon German demobilisation as one of the terms of the Armistice! But on December 14th we voted "for the man who won the war"! May I make a respectful suggestion to that great man? It is that the Allies, before discussing the affairs of the world generally, should settle the terms to be dictated to Germany, and then send them to Berlin, accompanied by a sufficient military force to ensure their acceptance and fulfilment! After that, the League of Nations, or, if you like, the Deluge. And in the meantime, let us have a look round. Who shall deny that there was wisdom and foresight in Clemenceau's prophecy that the peace might take as much winning as the war? Looking at the situation, as I necessarily do, for the moment, from Britain's point of view, let me deal with one or two aspects of it which cause me some anxiety. I take first that "Point" about the "Freedom of the Seas." Perhaps the following letter, selected from hundreds I have received, puts the thing as concisely as anything I could say. You will notice it comes from a sailor:

> I have been reading with disgust of the objects, or rather object, of President Wilson's proposed attendance at the Peace Conference. This is to press for *his* interpretation of the "Freedom of the Seas." Article 2 of his "14 Points," which he expects the Conference to "swallow," reads:—"Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, alike in peace and war." This is more than an insult—it amounts almost to an ultimatum—to the British Navy.
>
> I am just a humble "Jack" in the British Navy, but I feel I am voicing thousands of others.
>
> (1) The British Navy has won the war—inasmuch as, without it, there would have been a German victory without a struggle.
>
> (2) The British Navy has not only been able to keep the British Isles from starvation, but it has been the means of feeding thousands of our Continental Allies.
>
> (3) Had there existed "Freedom of the Seas" in this time of war, we could not have blockaded Germany, and food would have reached her from "neutrals"—such as America was for most of the war! And the end would not have been yet—even if this had not resulted in a German victory.
>
> (4) The part taken in the war by the United States has been comparatively small, and, let it be remembered, they could have taken no part whatever but for the British Navy—and *then* Wilson would not have been at the Peace Conference at all!
>
> (5) It is the British Navy's privilege and necessity to be unconquerable, and to be "Guardian of the Seas." She has never abused, nor is she likely to abuse, this privilege, and the seas have always been free in times of peace. *But in war she must have the right to take such steps as have been proved to be so vital for the successful issue of the war.*
>
> President Wilson's Policy must be quashed at the outset—it is dangerous. It is to be noted also that with the exit of Germany, America is now the only other great naval Power—and the President may have an axe to grind!
>
> Another great point for public opinion to press is that—as the Terms of the Peace Conference are to be *dictated* to the Huns, no delegates whatever from enemy countries shall be permitted to sit at the Conference. This would be equivalent to a prisoner joining the jury in its deliberations!

I assert without hesitation that this letter represents the view of the whole British Army also. But I am far from satisfied that that view will prevail at the Peace Conference. I recall that when it was sought to foist on us the infamous Declaration of London, which for a time was allowed to cripple our sea power, it was the votes of remote and small non-maritime nations—such as we are inviting to send representatives to Paris—which, had they prevailed, would have sealed the fate of our ocean supremacy. And, incidentally, I also recall that it was that fine English gentleman, Sir Eyre Crowe—with his German wife and mother—now assisting the Prime Minister at Paris, who was sent as British representative and brought back in triumph that Declaration with all its crippling and debilitating provisions, and who, in his official capacity, did his best to secure its ratification by Parliament. And now, forsooth, this question of the "Freedom of the Seas" is again to be raised, and is to be voted upon by the Kings or Presidents of Siam, of Haiti, of Cuba, of Liberia, and of Guatemala. But I look in vain for the voice of Timbuctoo! And there I think I will leave this matter for the moment. Perhaps by next week we may know more about it.

The Russian Situation.

Recently I have had the opportunity of long deliberations with men of knowledge, both in the Services and in commerce, who have

G OF SIAM, I AM!

?—A Sinister Silence—What Are We Waiting For?

HE EDITOR.

come from tortured and riven Russia. And from all I have learned I do not hesitate to say that it is the duty of the Allies to come to the assistance of those who are battling at the moment against overwhelming odds. The defeat of the Bolsheviks, whether in Russia or Germany—aye, and in this country—means the victory of freedom and ordered government. The recent election clipped the claws of the monster so far as Britain is concerned. But in Russia it is a ravening wolf—and a wolf with poisoned teeth, more fatal than those of a mad dog. To put it on the lowest ground, it is of supreme interest to ourselves that this revolutionary rabies shall be eradicated from Europe. And if I know anything of the fighting spirit of Britons, there are hundreds of thousands who are ready to *volunteer* anew for a cut at this job. I speak of volunteering advisedly, because I consider that when Tommy has settled the Hun he has performed his contract, and the time has arrived when we should differentiate between those with strong home ties and interests and others who are free and willing to remain abroad. Let Mr. Churchill make a call to the Army, particularly those who have been denied a go at the Hun, and I am certain the result will not disappoint him. And in the same way I would make that Berlin force to which I have already referred a volunteer army—not on 1s. 6d. a day, but at a special rate of pay commensurate with the dignity and importance of the position. After the millions we have already spent, do not let us now be guilty of the short-sighted policy expressed in the nautical simile of "spoiling the ship for a ha'porth of tar"—although I shall doubtless be reminded by some learned reader that that adage is a corruption of an agricultural maxim not to spoil the "sheep" for a similar lack of expenditure upon the by-product mentioned. Who, then, will volunteer for Russia and Berlin?

Conference Rumours.

As I write, rumours are afloat to the effect that President Wilson is opposed to the payment by Germany of an indemnity to cover the cost of the war, as distinguished from a sum sufficient to recompense France and Belgium for any damage they have sustained. And the most disquieting item in the news is that the British delegates are disposed to agree with him. Now if it should prove, as it well may, that there is any foundation for this report, I say without any kind of qualification that the Prime Minister and his colleagues will deserve impeachment. I do not forget that until we of JOHN BULL raised this point it found no place in the Government programme; but once we had directed public attention to it, Mr. Lloyd George, by degrees, adopted it as part of his policy. At first, I know, it was that Germany should be made to pay "to the utmost of her capacity," but in the end we brought him round, with the result that in his Election manifesto—upon the faith of which he was returned to power—he accepted the principle—which he emphasised in a speech at Bristol a few days before the election, when he said, "As far as justice is concerned, we have an absolute right to demand the *whole cost of the war* from Germany. We propose to demand the whole cost of the war from Germany . . . The Committee appointed by the British Cabinet believes that it can be done." And, finally, in his public appeals for support at the poll he included as one of the main items of his policy, "Make Germany pay." And every one of his Coalition candidates adopted this cry. What, then, is the explanation of this sudden change of front? It may be that before these lines are read, some sort of official qualification or denial of the rumour will be issued. But I *know* there is good ground for it. And I will tell you why. Both American and British financiers have too big a stake in Germany to desire to see her crippled. They want their money and their interest. But it was not for the International Financier that we went to war, and I warn the Government, here and now, that if there is any weakening or trimming in this matter, it will have a rough time when Parliament meets. And I know I shall have the country at my back. The Prime Minister must not live in a fool's paradise. He had better come out with me and talk with the man in the street—and then he will know with what suspicion these Peace negotiations are regarded. I notice, too, that Mr. Wilson is to give up his nostrum of the "Freedom of the Seas," and apparently by way of barter and exchange *we* are to abandon Indemnities. *Not if I know it!* Ten thousand millions, if you please, for Britain—and the Allies may do what they like. "Neither side," said Mr. Wilson some time ago, "has any desire to crush the other." There you have the key to all the trouble. We must shake hands and be friends! Has Mr. Wilson read Count Lichnowsky's disclosures of Germany's aims when she entered the war? And are we to sacrifice everything for the Lombard Street bankers and the Governors of the Bank of England who have unpaid drafts upon Germany? *Not if I know it!* The Prime Minister must keep his word—or make room for somebody else who will. "High finance" is not understood by the people—the plain every-day people who have in the main paid for the war in blood and in treasure. They see before them, after all their sacrifices, a long vista of lean and hungry years unless the whole cost of the war is borne by those who caused it—and no amount of dry-as-dust argument by "political economists" will alter their view. After all, as I have already shown, Germany *can* pay—the Westphalian mines alone contain more than sufficient wealth to recoup us the whole cost. Germany shall not be let off *—not if I know it!*

Hastening the Millennium.

Far be it from me to make trouble. I know the complexity and difficulty of some of the problems which face the men who have set themselves the task of hastening the millennium. But I say quite frankly that if all the nations of the world, great and small, are to meddle in the settlement of peace in Europe, then God help Europe and the British Empire. The only possible explanation of this strange conglomeration appears to be that the representatives of the European Powers have succumbed to the demands of President Wilson, and, instead of keeping before them the one dominant aim of settling accounts with the Hun, they are going to embark on the grandiose task of at once making Heaven upon earth. And so everyone in the world who has the remotest interest in the future of mankind has been called to the Peace Chamber. Let us hope it will not turn into a cockpit. I am quite ready to give Mr. Wilson credit for the best intentions, but I would remind him that for us and our European Allies—who cannot help the position in which Heaven and geography have placed us, and who have perforce to live in close contact with the criminals of Europe—it is the first and foremost business to obtain security for the future. How much President Wilson has learned since he declared that the aims of Germany and of the Allies were apparently identical I do not know. But this I would point out: that since he so kindly formulated for us those Fourteen Points there has been a great change of opinion in America. If Mr. Lloyd George had experienced a similar rebuff at the Election to that which has recently been administered to the President, with what diminished authority would he speak at the Conference! I commend this consideration to Mr. Wilson, who can no longer claim to speak with unqualified authority for his country. We will listen with the utmost courtesy and respect to his views and aspirations—but, to vary slightly the old democratic formula, "The Will of the Allies must Prevail." And when I say the Allies, I *mean* the Allied, and not the "Associated," Powers. After all, it was the Allies—Britain, France, Belgium and Italy—who bore the brunt of the war, *and not one of them has made a farthing out of it.* On the contrary, they have been bled white in both blood and treasure. The sound of the guns has never been out of their ears—the spectacle of the maimed has never been out of their eyes—the ghosts of the dead have ever haunted them. And they are in no mood for morbid sentimentality. They insist that Reparation, Indemnities, and Punishment shall be the three cardinal points of the Peace Terms—Wilson or no Wilson.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

From Egypt:—We have had many letters from France telling us that our brave fellows are being left hungry because their rations must be handed over to the inhuman brutes who fought them. Now our men in Egypt tell us that the same state of affairs prevails there, all the boys being stinted that the enemy may be fed.

At Dovercourt:—Unfit men are being sent to Dovercourt, in Essex, many of them wounded. Some were assured, when being sent there, that they were being forwarded for their discharge, as unsuitable for further service. It would appear that a civilian doctor simply casts a glance at them and raises their categories. If the War Council wishes for a list of the men, we shall be glad to supply it.

Backsheesh:—A word to the Commanders of our demobilisation centres. As the released men pass from table to table in some of the dispersal camps to get the gratuity, clothing, etc., to which they are entitled, they notice an upturned cap on each table—a hint to drop something into it. This kind of cadging was common in the old recruiting days, but should be put a stop to now.

Degrading our Soldiers:—The 2nd Life Guards Machine Gun Battalion is stationed in the village of Weevelghem, near Courtrai. The place swarms with Belgian lads and men between fourteen and thirty years of age, who spend their time holding up the houses with their backs, and laughing at our splendid Guards—who are compelled to act as street orderlies so that the thoroughfares may be kept clean.

A Complaint from France:—The 3rd Royal Fusileers in France send us a similar complaint, and tell us that it makes them blush, while acting as scavengers and dustmen, to notice the smiles on the faces of the natives. There is a spirit in the Army to-day that cannot be misunderstood, and we would strongly advise the War Council to regard our soldiers as fighting gentlemen, and not as menials to do the dirty work which should be performed by the locals.

"JACK."

Bilked:—H.M.S. *Bonaventure* recently arrived from Gibraltar, after an absence of nine months. The crew obtained the regulation ten days' foreign service leave, but they were not granted the customary twelve days' Christmas leave. The Jacks are on their hind legs over this.

Deferred:—Why have the men of the sweepers on the Ramsgate Base not been given their £1 per month bonus? It comes to a tidy sum now, and, if it were granted, would relieve much distress in the homes of our hardy men.

Selected for Indignity:—Why do the Admiralty insist upon inflicting the indignity of a medical examination upon Chief Warrant Officers coming forward for Lieutenants? It is debasing to make a man of 50 strip and go through various contortions in front of a Medical Board. No other officers have to submit to this sort of thing—why single out the Chief Warrants? Just because they have risen from the lower deck?

Their Points Gained:—Over 700 ratings held a public demonstration in Liverpool the other day, and as a result a catalogue of grievances have been redressed—even to the transferring of a Lieutenant who habitually referred to the men as "——nuisances." The usual covenants were made; but it is whispered that some of them are already being broken—which should not be.

Where is the Money?:—Some time ago a gala and fête was held at Lowestoft to raise a fund for the benefit of the hospital and the minesweepers. About £350 was gleaned. The hospitals may have benefited, but the sailors are still whistling for their share.

Pre-War Wages, Post-War Reform:—In 1914 we were paying our Fleetmen—from Chief Petty Officers to ordinary seamen—an average of something under 18s. 6d. a week. This included all allowances for special qualifications, and out of it the men had to buy much of their food and all their clothes. Things have been scrappily improved since, but there must be a heavy percentage addition to the pre-war figure if the seaman, judged by civilian standards, is to get his rights.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

The G.P.O. Again:—A discharged Irish Guard N.C.O., with splendid papers, applied to the Secretary of the G.P.O. in Dublin for a vacant job as a rural postman. He was turned down because he had not previously been in the postal service. The position went to a fellow who was never in the army. This is not the first complaint against the same department and official.

Once More the G.P.O.:—A man from the Engineer's Department of the G.P.O. shouldered a rifle, and fought. Now discharged, he applied at Denman Street for reinstatement, to be told that they could not take him back, as he left the postal service voluntarily to soldier. The man had served the Department for ten years, and is a skilled workman. Where are our Government promises?

Turned Down:—A man of the K.L.R. who has soldiered since August, 1914, applied to the Manager of the Fisher, Recknall Steamship Co., Ltd., Manchester, asking to be claimed out of the army. He was turned down on the score that he was not a pivotal man. But why not offer him a job and claim him as a slip man?

Hardship at Hackney:—The Hackney Marsh National Projectile Factory have no doubt made many shekels out of the war. The other day they reduced their staff by kicking out ex-soldiers and retaining civilians who never wore a khaki cap. Later on, when demobilisation is completed and the ex-soldiers will be strong, such treatment, which is common, will undoubtedly lead to strikes and industrial unrest.

U.D.C. Defaulters:—A soldier ex-employee of the Horsham Urban District Council wrote asking them to apply for his discharge, and this is the reply he received from the Engineer and Manager: "At a meeting of the Waterworks and Lighting Committee last evening I brought forward your application for re-instatement in these works, and regret to inform you the Committee decided that as no specific promise was made to keep open your position they are unable to accede to your request." We are afraid many employers are treating their ex-servants in the same way.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Home Broken Up:—The wife of an old soldier, who is still serving, was in great distress owing to her own and her mother's lengthy illness. She has to support the old lady, and now during her sickness the home has been broken up on account of the rent not having been paid for weeks. Her husband is not in credit with his regiment, and she had no friend but ourselves to whom she could turn for help.

A Physical Wreck:—An ex-soldier placed his case before us, he being in a desperate mood, and in need of urgent assistance. Throughout his Army career he has alternately suffered from various complaints, and now that he is discharged he cannot follow up employment for long without having a break down. He has a small family to support.

A Common Problem:—A war widow, with seven children, sought our help for the purpose of covering the youngsters' feet, she being unable to buy boots from her own small earnings, and the pension being barely sufficient to feed them. We receive many similar requests, and comply with them as far as the means at our disposal will permit—the boot problem being one of the hardest that the poor have to solve.

Fire's Fury:—A hard-working widow, who has a delicate child to support, has sustained much inconvenience through a fire breaking out during her absence from home. Clothing has been destroyed, and she was unable to replace it. She will not be able to work for some time, as she is suffering from shock.

Another Distressed Widow:—A war widow has been suffering from the effects of air raids, and has been unable to work. She had a delicate child, the doctor's bills and nourishment for whom caused her great anxiety. The youngster subsequently died, insufficiently insured, and the poor mother could not bury her little one without aid.

Further Cases Helped:—Sailor's wife has two children down with the 'flu, and has had to neglect paying her rent. Doctor's bill also to be paid.

Discharged soldier is off work through relapse; he has been wounded three times.

Widow, with five children, could not pay weekly bills for food, nor purchase more until they are paid. Illness caused arrears.

Mother of soldier invalided, and cannot obtain further help from her son, he being married. Unfortunately, many of our beneficiaries are similarly placed.

A widow who lost two children within six months, and was in debt.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Kat's Eye," 1s.; Part Proceeds of Whist Drive (per M. C. L.), £1 1s.; "A Brixton Widow," 2s.; "A Grateful Private, D.L.I.," 10s.; W. L., 1s. 6d.; "Ex-Sergt.," 6d.; M. M., 1s.; Pte. W. L., 9d.; Miss F. A. W., £3; K. F. A. (Kilburn), 1s.; "Engineer," £1; J. A. E. (Leeds), 2s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 1s.; A. D. (Sydenham), 1s.; H. B., 1s.; "Well Wisher" (Belvedere), 5s.; N. M. (Devonport), 6d.; Mrs. M. (Spalding), 3s. 6d.; A. H. A. (Monmouth), £5; "Ship's Company, H.M. Minesweeper *Hurst*" (per J. C.), £5; C. D., 1s. 3d.; A. B., 1s. 6d.; P. B. (Canada), 2 dollars; Mrs. E. P., 1s.; Sgt. J. G. B., 3s. 9d.; "Fountain Pen," 6d.; H. O. (Glasgow), 4s. 3d.; Mrs. J. P. (Stirling), 1s. 3d.; A. L. Y., 4s.; J. L. (Bombay), 9s. 2d.; Mrs. A. G. (Poole), 2s.; R. L. (Marseilles), 3s. 9d.; Mrs. A. F. (Bournemouth), 1s. 9d.; T. L. (Port Glasgow), 4s. 3d.; W. V. N., 1s. 3d.; "One of the Fifty-First," 1s. 11d.; "Hottie of South sea," 1s.; Christmas Collection at Calais (per W. B.), 50 francs; The Misses B. (Rouen), 10s.; "Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund," £3; Mrs. M. E. W., 3s. 6d.; "Aileen" (Slough), 1s.; Pte. W. B. (Birmingham), 1s.; W. M. (Grimsby), 1s. 9d.; C. S. (Chiswick), 2s. 6d.; "Busy," 10s.; T. G., 4s.; W. C., 9d.; F. C. (Cambridge), 2s. 6d.; G. N. W. (N. Shields), 14s.; "A Scot," 3s. 6d.; "A Reader of JOHN BULL," 2s.; A. L., 1s.; B. W. (Liverpool), £1; Pte. F. B. (Walthamstow), £1; W. N. S., 2s. 6d.; "Fairplay," 10s.; F. O. F. (Bristol), £1; "W.," £1; M. A. (Aston), 5s.; "Some Tank," 10 frs.; "Minesweeper," £1; A. R. C., 3s.; Lieut.-Col. C. K. (Mesopotamia), £3; W. H. B., 6d.; Anon., 1s.; S. J. C. (Tiverton), 1s. 6d.; J. H., 1s.; "An Admirer," 1s.; "A Sailor's Wife" (Portsmouth), 1s.; "A Broken-down Old Soldier," 1s.; "One Who Knows," 1s.; E. P. (Towcester), 2s. 6d.; "Mona," 1s.; H. B. (Notting Hill), 7s.; W. T. (Liverpool), 1s.; "Three W.A.A.C.'s," (Sandwich) 1s.; "Navaldiv," 1s. 6d.; Lightweight Tent Supply Co. (per O. G. W.), 10s.; A. J. B. (B.E.F.), 5s.; C. F., 7s.; "Artos," £1 1s.; "Arrow," £3; "Old George," 5s.; "Safe" (Lochee), 7s.; J. W., 6d.; A. E. Y., 6d.; P. C. P., 1s.; J. N. (Chesterfield), 1s.; C. W. (Bridgend), 9d.; Mrs. G. R., 6d.; H. B., 2s. 6d.; "Officers and Men of H.M.P.M.S. *Epsom*, £5; H. M. (Newton Abbot), 2s. 6d.; F. S. I., 5s.; "For a Soldier's Child," parcel; F. S. (Hammersmith), 6d.; Mrs. McC., 3s.; E. M. T. (Willesden), £1; W. K. I., 1s.

COMPANY MEETING.

BOOTS' CASH CHEMISTS (EASTERN) Ltd.

A RECORD OF CONTINUED SUCCESS.

Stability of Shares—Valuable War Service—Anti-Gas Warfare; A Pregnant Chapter in History—Financial Fallacies Corrected—Excess Profits are *NOT* Excessive Profits—National Work done without Remuneration—Extension of Chemical Manufactures a National Asset—Tribute to Employees—Outlook Excellent.

The twenty-sixth ordinary general meeting of Boots Cash Chemists (Eastern) Ltd. was held on January 15th at the Midland Grand Hotel, St. Pancras, Sir Jesse Boot, Bt., J.P. (the chairman and managing director) presiding.

The secretary (Mr. Alex. L. Milne) read the notice convening the meeting; and Mr. W. C. T. Parsons read the report of the auditors.

The Chairman said:—Ladies and gentlemen,—To-day is the 26th Annual Meeting of our Company, and I am thankful to Providence that I have been able to attend them all. Last year our meeting was necessarily delayed; this year circumstances have made an even longer postponement unavoidable. You are familiar with some of our difficulties. On the one hand military requirements have continued to reduce our *personnel*, so that a total of 4,000 men have now been taken for active service from our various companies, and on the other hand the depleted staff at headquarters has had to cope with increasingly heavy Government demands for various important supplies and services. Pressure has also been added by the serious epidemic of influenza; so that the past year has indeed been one of unparalleled strain, and in some of the less essential matters it has not been possible to follow our regular course. We have, in these circumstances, felt it wise to attend to first things first, and to defer for a time reports and meetings as of less immediate importance. The delay in this connection is not a serious matter at all, for our ample reserves permit the timely distribution of dividends without waiting for the annual meeting. I had felt, too, that affairs in general might perhaps become more settled and that possibly a number of our staff might have returned from military service to assist us in the activities we have in prospect. This hope, however, has not yet been realised, and consequently I cannot speak so definitely as I would have liked of our future policy.

Steady Trading Progress; Stability of the Shares.

I am, though, privileged to lay before you accounts which show steady progress in trading, and a balance-sheet which must be satisfactory to all our shareholders. As always in the history of our company, we have aimed at making our shares stable for investment purposes rather than a medium for speculation—to preserve an even keel, so to say—and I congratulate our shareholders on the steadiness their shares have shown. It is true that in common with all other securities they were for a time affected by the large amount of Government bonds placed on the market, but on the whole they have maintained their equilibrium splendidly. A glance at the report discloses a very adequate reason for this stability. As a result of past successful trading and prudent management through a long series of years, we have in hand large reserves of every description; and one point observed in the report worthy of special emphasis is that the carry-over alone (£21,043 19s. 6d.) is adequate to meet a full year's dividends upon all shares, for which, including 12½ per cent. upon the ordinary shares, a sum of £21,000 is needed. This is indeed a gratifying state of affairs, as showing in most conclusive fashion the extraordinary financial strength of the company.

Record of Prosperity Remains Uninterrupted.

The Eastern is the oldest of Boots Companies, and its territory is more fully covered than the districts served by the other companies. Still, as I have remarked on previous occasions, most of our shareholders in the Eastern have holdings in these other companies, and they will therefore be glad of a general survey of policy and progress. Happily in every case the record is one of uninterrupted prosperity. New branches have been opened at Portsmouth and Plymouth, which are already meeting with warm public appreciation; and throughout the whole country the accomplishments and prospects of our branches are highly encouraging.

WORTHY RECORD OF WAR SERVICE.

I wish to make special reference to the war work performed by our parent company—Boots Pure Drug Company Limited. It is a class of work which by God's grace we shall never again be called upon to undertake; but I think what we have done well worthy of record. Not only am I proud of the help we were able to give to the medical man and the pharmacist, whose services both on the field and at home it would be impossible to rate too highly; I reflect with deep feeling upon the part we have played in protecting our men from the most atrocious of all the enemy's weapons—poison gas. You have all heard of Col. E. F. Harrison, Controller of the Chemical Warfare Department, for on his recent death some part of his work was made public. But for his knowledge and skill, and his unremitting devotion to duty, the courage and mettle of our youth might have been in vain when the inhuman use of poison gases was made. He gave his life to his country, and I humbly add my tribute leaf to his wreath of laurel.

In its early stages the use of poison gas was met by the simple respirator of cotton wool and crêpe chemically treated. As it developed, however, a better protection became necessary, and the flannel helmet was evolved. This in turn proved useless against the more horrible ingenuities perpetrated by the perverted scientists of the enemy; indeed, it was worse than useless, it was a positive danger, for our gallant fellows "carried on," trusting to it in circumstances in which it was totally inefficient. Something further had to be done; science was pitted against diabolism, and science won through Col. Harrison and his devoted colleagues, who produced in the box respirator a sure defence against the poison gases of our foes.

British Science Beats the German Poison Gases.

It is a thrilling and pregnant chapter in the history of the war. Col. Harrison visited us at Nottingham, and I need hardly say that our resources and assistance were freely placed at his service. For some months he collaborated with our research staff, and the fruit of this co-operation was a chemical product which seemed likely to defy the most evil possibilities of our opponents. Then came the crucial test—the only sure test; a trial not under laboratory conditions, but on the actual field; and with a confidence tempered by natural anxiety this test was made. It was successful—completely so: the box respirator furnished with this product beat the poison gases. Within a short time it was in use by the million.

We were requested to undertake without delay the manufacture of this new respirator on a large scale. Our scientific staff had given their best endeavours during the preliminary period of research, and their assistance was continued in improving and perfecting the processes involved. Now our manufacturing organisation engaged diligently in giving wide practical effect to the life-saving discovery. Our best chemists, engineers, and organisers united in planning a factory with the most efficient equipment for continuous manufacture under the most skilful direction.

Work of the Utmost Nicety and Precision.

The preparation of the respirators may be divided into two parts: the making of the necessary chemicals, and the fitting and assembling of the respirators. The work throughout calls for the utmost nicety and precision, for the product must withstand the severest tests and must be as carefully finished as the soldier's rifle. It was found essential to have the chemicals in such form as to be entirely free from dust or powder, otherwise minute particles getting into the respirator valves would leave an orifice—a very tiny orifice indeed, but yet enough to permit the entrance of sufficient gas to prove fatal. To meet this requirement we prepared the chemicals as granules of an exact specified uniformity. The granule making was originally done by hand, but our experts specially evolved mechanical devices which performed the work much more expeditiously.

For several months we were the sole manufacturers of the box respirator, but finally the demand developed so enormously that we had to seek relief to prevent a serious dislocation of our general business. That was the situation. We have 600 branches throughout the country. They are perfectly equipped and are one and all engaged in a medical service highly necessary to the public. Even all this must inevitably have been sacrificed had no other plan been possible, but other firms had workers who had been engaged upon the manufacture of the flannel helmet which the new respirator had superseded. Consequently we asked the authorities to supply some of our chemical granules to these firms, so that they might assist in the filling and assembling. At the same time we helped these auxiliaries in every possible way to establish the system and methods which were such an acknowledged success at our own factory. It is well at this point to note that, in proportion to the number of people we engaged upon it, our output of work was consistently superior to that of any other firm. You will all hear with pride, I feel sure, that we manufactured almost the whole of the chemicals for the twenty million box respirators made, and actually delivered seven and three-quarter millions of the respirators complete for the use of the British, American, and Italian Forces. You will agree with me that ours was no mean achievement, but one which our shareholders and our companies may view with satisfaction.

FINANCIAL FALLACIES CORRECTED.

Now, I mean to refer to financial matters, and I hope to correct some popular misapprehensions about profiteering. It is quite a general opinion that what the tax authorities style "Excess Profits" are really excessive profits, but I think that people of liberal ideas will be surprised to learn the percentages we have received upon our labours. We have, of course, been busy in maintaining our general business, which is of such a nature that in the public interest it cannot be neglected. Everything beyond this became subject to excess profits taxation. Our additional activities naturally increased our returns just as everyone would expect. There was, consequently, increased profit, and though it was in no sense abnormal or excessive in percentage it was treated as "Excess Profits."

We offered, indeed, to carry out war work for a profit of 2½ per cent. free of excess profits tax. What we actually received—there can be no harm in mentioning it—was 8 per cent. in some cases and 10 per cent. in others: both subject to the tax. Now I want the workers to realise clearly the net result for us. Eighty five pounds out of every hundred was returned to the State in taxes, so that we retained for ourselves profits of only 11/5th per cent. and 1½ per cent. respectively, or—to illustrate the case more pointedly—we got 3d. or 3½d. in the pound. That is to say, we managed important business, working with care and anxiety night and day, and paid out 19s. 3½d. or 19s. 9d. on labour, materials, and other charges, before we received each sovereign in return.

Big Gross Profits: Small Net Benefits.

Sometimes gross profits may seem large: they must be, when it is necessary to provide for the excess profits tax. For instance, on one occasion when we were invited to undertake a special manufacture, I asked an expert in these matters how we could make a profit on it. You may find his reply illuminating: "For every shilling of profit you need," said he, "you must charge the Department five shillings: then the Government will get four shillings and more back from you in taxation." In these circumstances we have become virtually tax-collectors for the Government.

We do not grumble at all, for we have felt it a privilege to be of assistance to our country, but it is only fair to show clearly that we have received nothing in the way of excessive profits. I am not so foolish as to say that no firms have profiteered during the war. Some, it seems, have received special benefits, such as exemption from excess profits taxation and some have taken advantage of the country's needs. I am sure, though, that we are not the only people who have not made profits the sole consideration. We did the work with a good will, and with a sense of pride, but thousands of our regular helpers being absent on active service, we carried it through only at the expense in many directions of the business at our six hundred branches throughout the country. Valued customers of long standing have had to go short. We ask their indulgence, assured that they will excuse the inconvenience in view of this explanation; and we beg them to bear with us a little longer until a more complete return to former conditions enables us to give them our old-time service more fully.

Free Service on National Work.

I am reluctant to leave this subject without explaining that during the last nine months of the war we actually carried out the work of respirator-filling at cost price, without a penny of profit. Our shareholders will commend this, I know, and they will join in my gratification at the receipt of a handsome letter of acknowledgment from the Chemical Warfare Department.

The Home Industry in Fine Chemicals.

As you were advised at the last annual meeting, our building programme was in arrears at the outbreak of war, for our business had far outgrown our accommodation. Necessity then arose for the production at home of fine chemicals which were previously manufactured only in Germany. Apart from the special Saccharin Department (to which subsequent reference will be made) these new needs called for the speedy erection of five additional blocks of buildings, and a

(*Continued on page 13.*)

RACING NOTES AND ANTICIPATIONS.

By "THE SQUIRE."

CORYDON AND IVANHOE—PROBABLE RETURN MATCH.

Considering the weather conditions, the Gatwick meeting was a pronounced success, and I am pleased to know that I was again successful in indicating several nice winners, and if only MACMERRY had not jumped in some false ground and slipped up, we should have had a good time. However, I understand the horse runs again at Sandown, and from what I saw of the Gatwick race I shall take him to beat ARAKUR, if, as is probable, they meet again. The outstanding feature, of course, was the match between IVANHOE and CORYDON, and although it was a rare tussle to the last hurdle—both horses running at a terrific pace neck-to-neck to that point—the weight told in the run in, and despite the fact that the going was terribly heavy and consequently greatly against such a small horse as CORYDON, he fully justified my opinion and won comfortably at the finish. I understand that there is every prospect of a return match at modified weights, and it is sure to arouse the keenest interest.

This week we are back at Sandown—one of the most popular of the Park courses.

I know that WATERBED is intended to run in the Sandown Hurdle Race, and although carrying 13 st. 1 lb. I have no doubt he will start a very strong favourite. After all, I am not very frightened at these weights, for if you turn to some of the Selling Steeplechases you will find horses carrying 12 st. 10 lbs. and that, in my opinion, is quite as severe a task over big fences as the one set WATERBED over hurdles—especially as he is an extremely powerfully built horse. By the way, I would respectfully suggest to the Stewards of the National Hunt that when, by the conditions of a Steeplechase, a horse has to carry 12 st. 3 lbs. and an allowance is desired to be made for those which have not won within a given period, it should be deducted from the 12 st. 3 lbs. and not added to the weight of those which are not entitled to the allowance.

Coming to the Sandown Meeting, I am going to start with the bold suggestion that the Dicker stable should win the first three races. I do not think that WATERBED could give either CORYDON 2 st. 7 lbs. or CANUTE 3 st. 1 lb., and whichever Mr. Bottomley runs in the race will carry my stake. In the same way with the Selling Hurdle race and the Selling Steeplechase, I shall pin my faith to his colours. My full selections are as follows:—

WEDNESDAY.

Village Selling Hurdle Race.—Mr. Bottomley's selected—CANUTE or CORYDON.

Farnham Selling Steeplechase.—Mr. Bottomley's selected—MACMERRY or MINSTREL PARK.

Sandown Hurdle Race.—Mr. Bottomley's selected—CORYDON or CANUTE.

Stanley Steeplechase.—SVETO.

January Four-year-old Hurdle Race.—STARR.

Moto Steeplechase.—POLLEN.

THURSDAY.

Woking Hurdle Race.—CAGE.

Ripley Steeplechase.—AWBEG.

Prince of Wales' Steeplechase.—SHAUN SPADAH.

Cardinal's Hurdle Race.—THEODOSIUS.

Epsom Steeplechase.—GREENWICH.

Metropolitan Hurdle Race.—VANITIE.

PRINTER'S PIE.

Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie."

COMMANDER," J" DIVISION METROPOLITAN SPECIAL CONSTABULARY (circular notice):—

"As we are dealing with an unknown quantity in the present German Revolution, war conditions may be resumed at 48 SECONDS' notice, EVEN LESS."

"NATIONAL ASSOCIATION REVIEW":—

"With each year SINCE THE DREADFUL WORLD BEGAN, the general position of sugar from the consumer's view point . . . has gone from bad to worse."

"STAGE":—

"In the cast Jimmy Russell is prominent as the saucy boy, and Cyril Cooke is extremely funny as the SMELL."

"DAILY MAIL":—

"—— —— engaged lodgings . . . early November. Left luggage there, and SINCE DECEASED WITHOUT COMMUNICATING ADDRESS."

"EXETER EXPRESS AND ECHO" (advertisement):—

"No more Coupons for Canned Meats . . . Pork and BEADS with Tomato Sauce."

"NEWCASTLE DAILY CHRONICLE" (advertisement):—

"House, 8 DECEPTION, 8 bedrooms, Wanted to Rent."

"LEEDS MERCURY":—

"A farm foreman was fined £5, or a month . . . for HAVING A PAIR OF BOOTS."

"WORTHING GAZETTE" (advertisement):—

"OWING TO THE DEATH OF THE REV. ——, a vacancy occurs for SLEEPING ACCOMMODATION FOR 6 BOYS."

"LIVERPOOL ECHO" (advertisement):—

"GAY Girl, strong."

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Every Mother will find Milton a wonderful aid in preventing and in relieving Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat and Catarrh, and an immediate relief and certain cure for Chilblains

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The Medical world has long sought a perfect and powerful antiseptic that should be non-poisonous, non-caustic, and so perfectly safe that it could be used for many purposes for which ordinary antiseptics cannot be used

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BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS (EASTERN) LTD.

(*Continued from page* 11.)

power-house also, as the Nottingham Corporation were unable to meet our power requirements. The idea is prevalent in some quarters that these were paid for by the Government. It is a totally erroneous idea, for the one single advantage we enjoyed was that we were allowed to purchase building materials at a time when these were controlled by the Government and when only building work of national importance was permitted. We paid for these materials ourselves, of course, at the inflated market price then current.

Last year I explained in considerable detail the value of our chemical manufactures to Boots companies and to the country. We can now congratulate ourselves on the extensive developments of the past twelve months. Our equipment is being gradually perfected, and our experts are so employing it, and their own skill, as to enable us to supply increasing quantities of valuable products which the pharmacist has hitherto found difficulty in obtaining. Our independence of Germany grows more fully manifest; and one feature of particular advantage is the reduction in prices which we may with confidence anticipate when normal conditions return.

You heard a year ago of our large output of Aspirin, Phenacetin, Atropine, etc., as well as of such marvellous sanative agents as the Chloramine Antiseptics, and Proflavine and Acriflavine. You will now be interested to learn that during the war campaign we provided one hundred and fifteen million sterilising tablets to save our troops from the dread danger of poisoned drinking-water. I fear that a full list of all our new products would prove tedious to you, but I may mention that in the market and at trade and technical exhibitions their excellence has won for them an eminent reputation. Truly, our manufacture of drugs and synthetic chemicals constitutes a valuable addition to the therapeutic resources of the country and a notable national asset.

THE PRODUCTION OF SACCHARIN.

I now propose to deal with the production of Saccharin; and at the outset I may mention that during the shortage of sugar our contribution to national needs was a quantity of saccharin equivalent to no less than one thousand seven hundred and eighty-five million tablets, through which—even apart from the timely convenience—the country's finances benefited to the extent of nearly half-a-million pounds sterling in revenue charges. It should be borne in mind that prior to the war all the saccharin used in this country was of foreign production, and that the foreign producer had the advantage over us of thirty years' experience. Originally our intention was to set up plant for this manufacture on a comparatively modest scale, but when we made application for supplies of Toluene—a controlled substance necessary in the manufacture—the Government urged us to undertake production on a much more extensive plan. We did this amid difficulties almost incredible. Proper plant was unobtainable, and so our own chemical and engineering staffs had to co-operate in designing and making special equipment. Those socialists who advocate the complete immediate rationalisation of trade and industry may have our assurance of the need for private and individual energy when the uncorrelated functions of various Government departments are frequently overlapping and sometimes mutually obstructive. On the one hand the Sugar Commission urged the work upon us and endeavoured to afford us every facility, while we for our part were most anxious to comply with their wishes. At the same time the action of another Department was holding us back under the threat of heavy penalties. Skilled engineers left us for other national work, and for many weeks we were not permitted to replace them. Only after personal interviews and the most urgent entreaties and telegrams were we allowed to engage a few of the necessary helpers: the official embargo, indeed, was never removed. However, we attained our end finally, and after the heavy initial difficulties under which we did much work, we have established the manufacture of saccharin of the highest quality on a large scale.

I ought to explain that the whole of our production of saccharin has gone to the Government, who have distributed it to tablet-makers throughout the country; and that we, the producers, have as retailers received an allocation of only a small portion of the saccharin we manufactured. This has affected us in the following way. Although our production was very large, we could not supply the total quantity needed and the output of other producers at home was small, so that supplementary supplies had to be imported. The saccharin manufactured at home was under Government control, affording only a comparatively small profit. That from abroad was not so controlled: consequently it brought huge prices and profits. Our allocation each week was snapped up by our customers within an hour, and we felt ourselves morally obliged to refrain from buying and selling saccharin of foreign production, so that no one could possibly imagine that we were selling, as high-priced foreign saccharin, that made at home and subject to the controlled price.

Post-War Prospects of Saccharin Manufacture.

A few remarks as to the prospects of Saccharin manufacture after the war will be appropriate. Strong endeavours have been made to create a prejudice against the use of this product; they have been traced to interested parties such as sugar cultivators and manufacturers. It is true that saccharin is without nutritive value, and so it is not recommended as a substitute for sugar in feeding children. The highest medical authorities are, however, fully agreed that it is perfectly innocuous and has no effect whatever on metabolism. It is therefore useful for general sweetening purposes, and has a special value in the case of those subject to adiposity. With the removal of the rationing orders, moreover, many quite healthy people receiving sufficient nourishment from other foods, and conscious that they are benefited by abstinence from sugar, will take advantage of the sweetening properties of saccharin.

I do not wish the following remarks to be misunderstood: I am personally a convinced free trader, and my remarks will have no bearing on the principle of tariffs. Manufacturers were strongly urged by the Government to undertake the production of saccharin to assist the country. Great time and thought were devoted by highly skilled men to the manufacture, and much money was also invested in it. Before the processes were fully established, and the manufacturers reimbursed, the circumstances became less urgent—and very happily so. Now the foreign stocks, which accumulated under the impetus given to foreign manufacture through unrestricted prices, threaten to swamp the market; and the home producer, who as yet has had no time to overcome all the difficulties of new work under extraordinarily adverse conditions, will have to compete in a market where saccharin will be offered at unremunerative prices. It does seem to me that in these circumstances the Government might reasonably give some encouragement to a business largely undertaken to assist them, until its infancy is past, and until business conditions generally resume their normal course. This is the more necessary in view of the fact that in connection with the home manufacture of saccharin certain conditions have to be imposed for revenue purposes, and these involve an extra cost to which the imported product is not subjected.

Excellent Employees: Excellent Prospects.

I rejoice that our organisation, our resources and our experience were of national service during the war; and it is a satisfaction to know that they are such as to be of no less value to the country and the people in reconstruction and in peace. I am aware of how much all this is due to the services of my fellow-directors and the loyal co-operation of our employees in general, and in particular to the chemist managers at our branches. To each and all I tender sincere thanks. No workers could have been more severely tested than ours were during the prolonged epidemic of influenza. The strain was without precedent. I may mention, for example, that at the request of the Medical Officer of Health, five of our Edinburgh branches remained open until midnight. Long queues of people waited with prescriptions. Everywhere our assistants rendered both the public and the firm a most devoted service, and did so regardless of their own comfort or even of their own health. Whenever an overworked member of the staff was absent through indisposition, the rest unmurmuringly shouldered an extra burden. We have been able to make material acknowledgment of this devotion, but the only adequate compensation is the knowledge each member has of work well done. Such a spirit among the employees at our branches has been one of the factors of our past success, and will contribute to the still wider utility which lies before us; and believe me, we shall not be found wanting in the phase of reconstruction and development upon which the country is now entering.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have pleasure in moving that the accounts and appropriation of the profits, as recommended by the directors, be hereby approved and adopted.

Mr. J. T. Hilder seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

The Chairman next moved the re-election of the retiring director, Captain John C. Boot, remarking that his son was at present on active service, and expressing the hope that he would soon be with his colleagues again.

The motion was seconded by Mr. T. S. Ratcliffe, and unanimously agreed to.

The auditors (Messrs. S[illegible], Parsons and Co.) were reappointed, on the proposition of Mr. A. N. Bromley, seconded by Mr. E. S. Waring.

Directors and Staff Congratulated.

Mr. G. C. T. Parsons, in acknowledging the re-election of his firm, said: Sir Jesse—It has been quite an education to listen to your address. One hardly realises that your company has been doing such important national work, and yet at the same time has been carrying on its ordinary business. I think you, sir, and the directors, and all the members of the staff, are entitled to very warm congratulations that you have been able through this trying time to carry on the business so effectively and so efficiently to help the country in its time of need. It has been usual for me, when I have acknowledged the re-election of my firm in previous years, to go into questions of finance to some extent, but we have such a monotony of prosperity in this company that there is nothing new to say. I feel that my position is very much the same as that of a man who is trying to prove the value of Consols. Among gilt-edged securities Consols are readily accepted without any further explanation, and I have come to regard this company as occupying very much the same position in regard to industrials. You have a company which goes on with a good record year by year, and during times which might have upset many less strong companies this company has been able to carry through and make even a greater success than last year. I do not think that the financial part of the business requires further consideration—it is self-evident—but I do want to refer to a personal matter, if I may.

Tribute to Lady Boot.

There has been nothing said about it at the meeting, but I notice that while last year the directors were yourself, sir, Captain Boot, and Mr. Waring, now we have another director, Lady Boot—(hear, hear)—and I hope the shareholders will give Lady Boot a very warm welcome to this board. The fact of Lady Boot having joined the board reminds me of a romance that happened many years ago—a romance which it is always pleasant to me to remember; in fact, I regard it as one of the tit-bits of my professional life. Out of that romance our chairman found what the good old Book calls a "helpmeet" for him. Now, it would be impossible for those who are not acquainted with the inner working of the business to know how great Lady Boot's help had been to our chairman in all the work which he has undertaken. I make bold to say that but for Lady Boot's fostering care I do not think our chairman could have faced and carried on as successfully as he has done through the very strenuous and difficult times he has had to meet, and here we have the pleasure of having Sir Jesse still with us with great vigour, a perpetual cheerfulness, and a great part of it due, in my judgment, to the great help which Lady Boot has given him. Therefore I feel that it should be no empty compliment asking Lady Boot to come on this board. She is really of great help to the company, and I hope that her reception as a director, though I understand she is not to come up for re-election, will be very warm. (Hear, hear.)

Before I sit down I should also like to acknowledge what comes to my notice in the course of our audit—that is, the excellent way in which the secretarial work is carried through by our old friend Mr. Milne, the skill that he puts into it, and the literary power, and also the great excellence with which the books are kept under the presidency of Mr. Ratcliffe, and Mr. Gillespie, the resident accountant. Our audit must at all times be one of great responsibility, but the books are presented to us in such a complete and correct way that it reduces our responsibility to a minimum, and I feel personally very greatly indebted to those three gentlemen for the admirable way in which the books and records are laid before us. (Cheers.)

Chairman's Strenuous Work.

Mr. James Aspden said he had great pleasure in proposing a very hearty and sincere vote of thanks to the Chairman for presiding at this meeting. He also wished to say, on behalf of the shareholders, how fully they endorsed Sir Jesse's remarks in the latter part of his speech, when he thanked his co-directors and all the employees of the company for their services during the past strenuous year. There was one little addition, however, he would like to make as a shareholder, and that was that they should add Sir Jesse's name to the list of persons who had worked so strenuously on behalf of the company during the past year, and who deserved their hearty thanks. (Cheers.) With those few remarks, he begged to move a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman, his co-directors, and the staff.

The vote was unanimously accorded.

The chairman, in acknowledging the compliment, said he was exceedingly obliged to Mr. Parsons for the kind remarks he had made about Lady Boot. But for her help and encouragement on many occasions when he had been heavily afflicted he must have given up, and he begged to make this public acknowledgment.

The proceedings then terminated.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

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H. A. (Ashton-under-Lyne).—"'Made in Germany' was blotted out with a long black stroke." Well, we want it blotted out, don't we?

G. W. (Tulse Hill).—"Thy victims, dead, Lurk near to curse thy guilty head." Not the least of the Kaiser's crimes is the flood of poetry he has caused.

"A MAN OF THE STREET."—You "forecasted America's final blow," so no wonder Wilson "bowed graciously to the crowd" where you stood. He had you spotted.

H. B. (London).—Not surprised you received from a Government Department an ordinary letter enclosed in an envelope a foot long and five inches wide. The Government have been chucking away money and paper.

E. S. (Norfolk).—We should like to double the pension of everybody, including the policeman's, but where the money's coming from is what worries the fellow who hasn't one.

"OMEGA" (Bushmills).—"My sincerest thanks for all you have done for us during the dark days of war." Verily we have our reward.

"SERGT. S. H." (B.E.F., France).—You have lost. The war is not over yet, and will not be until the peace terms are signed. Thanks for the congratulations of the boys "of the Company."

E. H. (Hatch End).—We quite agree that the attention of Sir Alfred Mond in the Government does not add to its British quality. Perhaps, however, they will soon make him a peer.

F. T. (London, W.).—We agree that as an item of the reckoning with the Central Empires and Turkey there should be "severe punishment for any person who injures any captive, or refrains from affording every facility for his restoration"—but your detailed proposal needs consideration.

H. P. (Tooting).—"Jolly good luck to you in your new Parliamentary career. Instead of rotten Government swipes, please see that we get real beer." That's what we call a direct mandate.

MRS. E. B. (Clapham).—"'O.B.E.'—'Owe Bottomley Everything.'" Tut, tut!

R. B. (Redhill).—As things stand, a Parliamentary candidate can be nominated for any number of constituencies, and afterwards chosen for which place he will sit. Just one more stupid feature of the silly old game.

"OLD VOLUNTEER" (Coventry).—"Shakespeare said before he died, 'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.'" S'pose you don't happen to know what he said after he died?

J. S. (Brewer St., W.).—So you expected our majority to be only three thousand odd. Why did you think we should be so unpopular?

"ULSTER" (Belfast).—Very sweet of you to describe us as "a leader of thought." Any nice little name *you* would like to be called?

A. F. M. (Tooting Bec.).—As you say, we "show up all swindlers," but you needn't be nervous as long as you are a good boy.

R. B. (Bergen).—"Home from storms, home from worms that lure above, beneath the blue." If you are lured by a worm above beneath the blue, you must be a tiddler.

S. V.—"My brother is in the Duke of Cornwall's L.I. and I am on H.M.S. *Diligence*. My voting papers went to H.M.S. *Cornwall*, and his to the D. of Diligence L.I., and then the clerk at Camberwell complained of the trouble we caused him." Next, please.

C. D. M. (Waltham Green).—As you intimate, optimism has its practical uses. Take it from us, we have saved quite a lot of people from blowing their brains out.

"HOUSEKEEPER" (Morley) and OTHERS.—They are Government eggs, and that's why they're no better than they should be; in fact, a lot worse.

F. S. (Cuckfield).—"To settle an argument, what is the width of a Highlander's kilt?" Hold the line till we find somebody connected with the Women's Purity League to measure it.

J. S. H. (St. Albans).—Sorry if we were too "facetious" for your taste. The staff have been warned to treat you with greater respect in future.

L. M. (Lewisham).—"The landladies said they could not on any account have my husband here, as they were old maids." Nothing of that kind about the old man, is there?

J. H. (Ashington).—"I suppose you can't think of everything." You have less confidence in us than most of our readers.

MRS. S. (Walsall).—We note that as soon as our article appeared the Singer Sewing Machine Co. were anxious to make amends. It was ever thus.

L. R. C. P. (Bolton).—Better stick to physic. It is possible you know more about it than of selling kippers.

A. O. (Wandsworth).—"All you say about the girl messengers *re* Sunday work and small pay is very true." Very true, dear sir.

PTE. T. W. K. (France).—"What are the three largest cities in the world?" Veracity, Tenacity, and Audacity. Also ran—Mendacity.

D. G. W. (Poplar), home on first leave after three years' active service, is surprised at the number of civilians still out of the Army. Considering all things, we are surprised at the number of civilians in it.

"A BRITISH WOMAN" (W.).—"Am glad to know there is an Englishman to back up the dear old country." Yes, we must not leave it all to the Welsh.

G. S. A. (Manor Park).—"A little piece of poetry:—'I am glad you won your election, which you so much deserve." That is sweet truth, but not poetry.

MRS. G. V. (Kennington, Kent).—Your recipe for curing consumption, not very clear, seems to include laudanum, cognac, and quod. We do not like the mixture.

R. P. (Middletown).—"Bottomley is a name to hail, on the tram or on the rail; Tommy and Jack have an M.P. got, Trying his best to improve their lot." There's a yard more, but we are too embarrassed to quote it.

A. E. W. (Tottenham).—Do you want said official to sell you "a motor cycle with side-car attached" for 10s.? We don't think you'll get a run for your money.

G. T. (Halton).—Certainly three shillings a week is not sufficient for a girl to "keep herself respectable and buy her own underclothes." And it wouldn't be respectable not to buy them.

F. J. (Manor Park).—"Being a very young man, he naturally wanted a drink." Quite so, although some of the old 'uns carry a tidy thirst.

H. V. W. (Bearwood).—". . . Look, oh look, here is my soldier. He has marched back from the war; Look, oh look, how much he loves me, He is running to my door." Sentiments delightful; rhyme too horrible to mention.

G. G. (Strand).—The Old Street Magistrate: "Are there any honest carmen?" Det.-Sgt. Marshall: "Very few." Such a slander moves us to ask: "Are there any honest Magistrates or Detective Sergeants?" Carmen may supply the answer.

PTE. W. B. (B.E.F.).—"How many years do a million minutes come to?" Our office-boy worked out the answer:—'1 year, 329 days, 10 hours, 40 minutes. He is now in a Brain Hospital, for repairs to grey matter.

"DOMESTIC SERVANT" (London) prefers a demand "to be treated like other women workers—properly paid and time ours in early mornings." Domestic servants in good houses are treated very well; much better, often, than they treat the missus.

MRS. S. (Rynemouth) sends us a sample of "sandwich cake" bought for 1s. 6d. at a local shop. If said cake tastes as it looks, it must be so called from the sand which it is made of.

W. S. B. (Penzance).—". . . Behind them was a private of the Coldstreams carrying the Germhun beasts' luggage." 'Spect he felt as if there were a cold stream running down his back.

R. J. C. (Edgehill).—As we have not answered your letter you suppose it has "made us think a little." Really, we are thinking a lot, as we have no idea what your letter was about.

AN OLD READER".—"Should like you to publish an article on the gross unfairness of control price of whisky." All right; just wait while the printer's devil makes the type red-hot.

C. A. P. (Oxford).—Cannot make out if your pencil writing refers to Divine Law or Divorce Law. And there is such a difference!

H. W. W. (Monmouth).—Thanks for complimentary phrases. How we blush at all your praises!

F. L. (Gretna).—Glad your little boy is so happy in the Blackburn Orphanage; our efforts towards placing him there were a pleasure.

R. H. (Tandridge).—"The big houses can have a fire in every room." Dives will be warmer still later on; that is the one consoling thought Lazarus had.

"ENQUIRER" (Newport).—To be frank, we don't think you will get a secretarial post at £400. Despite your "college training," you have two fatal defects. First, you can't compose a letter; secondly, even if you were able to, you can't spell.

"SUB.-LT." (Shaldon).—No "nice house and garden" near London at £24 a year that we know of. Offer £124 a year, and you may strike lucky.

GNR. S. B. T. (R.B.A.).—Sorry don't know "where you could sell an Iron Cross of the first class." Have you tried an iron merchant or a scrap metal dealer?

"SILVER BADGER" (Ripponden).—It was rude, to say the least of it, for your former employer to "set about the tale" that you were lazy. He ought to see your letters.

RASTATT CAMP PRISONERS.—We should like to hear from any repatriated prisoner who was employed in the office at Rastatt Camp (Russen Lager) during the spring and summer of 1918.

"CONTEMPTIBLE" (Royal Field Artillery).—"When there is a pub open you can't get in." On the other hand, we have known folk who can't get out.

H. R. (Nottingham).—So the Padre at the Trent Bridge War Hospital made flattering references to us in his sermon. That is becoming quite usual in the churches nowadays.

A. O. (Earlsfield).—Mrs. Philip Snowden is a ——. It is no good, our native chivalry *will* step in. Let us call her a person. At the same time, she has our sympathy. Think what a husband she is afflicted with!

"LIVING IN HOPES" (Highbury).—Cannot say why Home Mechanical Transport have not received promised bonus. If all bonuses were properly squared up it would save us busy days and sleepless nights.

J. R. M. (St. Albans).—If, as the author of a printed leaflet advocating that "Harm No Living Thing" should be posted up in every schoolroom, you refer to horses and not to Huns, good.

MRS. B. (Camden Town).—Unfortunately, we cannot make an employer keep you on. He can discharge anybody he likes, but he generally discharges the ones he *doesn't* like.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. and 1d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only and 1d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Jan. 25th, 1919.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

"Where Capital and Labour Meet"—

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In the case of both Master and Man

the road to mutual satisfaction is the Employment Exchange. There is an Employment Exchange for every important district in the country, supervised by a joint committee of employers and workpeople.

Both Employers and Men are urged to realise—

1. That the nearest Employment Exchange is the nearest way to a good job for a man.
2. It is the nearest way to getting a good workman that any Employer can take.
3. The Employment Exchange can supply the employer with a man who has fought for him. It is only fair that he should be given the chance to work for you. He helped to forge victory. His now the just claim to enjoy its fruits.

The Employment Exchange is the common meeting ground for master and man. The Government bring the twain together.

If you want a good man—if you want a good job—go to your nearest Employment Exchange and get one!

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'BULLETS' BIG PRIZE

1ST PRIZE £1,000 1ST PRIZE

2ND PRIZE £100

3RD PRIZE £25

10 PRIZES OF £5

10 PRIZES OF £2·10

50 PRIZES OF 10/-

400 PRIZES OF 5/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

7,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the forty examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example:—NOT WANTED NOW. Bullet:—PACIFISTS AND CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS. Example:—MY WIFE THINKS. Bullet:—WOMEN CANDIDATES UNNECESSARY. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated February 15th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 317.

THE NEW CABINET	WHEN BOTTOMLEY STARTS	IN PARLIAMENT NOW	LOSING HIS HEAD
MAKING GERMANY PAY	LOOKING AFTER TOMMY	EMPTY TALK	JERRYBUILT
LLOYD GEORGE MUST	WITHOUT OPPOSITION	LIKE A WOMAN	CHEAP AND NASTY
WHAT BRITAIN WANTS	WE WON'T FORGET	A DUD LOT	A QUICK CHANGE
DRIVEN HOME	MY WIFE THINKS	WITHOUT A SEAT	THE OLD GANG
LEAVING THE ARMY	WHAT BABY LIKES	MY GROCER	NOT WANTED NOW
GOOD BUSINESS	CARRYING ON	FULL OF PROMISE	WHEN LOVERS MEET
EVERYBODY WONDERS WHY	A PERFECT DREAM	IN DOUBLE HARNESS	STRONGER BEER
COURTING TROUBLE	AT THE SALES	WON'T BE MISSED	STEALING A KISS
BACK TO WORK	OUR OFFICE BOY	PEACE TERMS	CALLING FOR KAISER

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 30th

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(317) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

If 2 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 30th

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(317) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No 317, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 30th

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(317) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, Jan. 30th

Example_____

Bullet_____

Example_____

Bullet_____

(317) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed_____

Address_____

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 3.5 to be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Result of 315th "Bullets" Competition.

FIRST PRIZE OF £200:

Mr. A. J. PERRY, 13, Duke Rd., Chiswick, London, W.4.

Example:—IN LONDON.

Bullet:—"GETTING ABOUT" THE LIMIT.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. HERBERT BATES, 11, Norwich Street, Cambridge.

Example:—THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

Bullet:—"SOME THOUGHT" NECESSARY.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. F. WOODMAN, Oakfield Villa, Hornyold Avenue, North Malvern.

Example:—A NIGHT OUT.

Bullet:—WEATHER EXPERTS OFTEN ARE.

20 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

MR. H. G. HUTCHINSON, Westlea Cottage, Forest Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne:
THE GERMAN EAGLE MUST "COME DOWN" HANDSOMELY.

MRS. E. KIRK, 48, Ashley Lane, Moston, Manchester:
HARD TO PLEASE—HABIT WAS ILLS CURED.

MR. W. H. MACK, 90, Belmont Av., Blackpool:
LABOUR TROUBLES—MADE TOMMY WORK OVERTIME.

MR. I. S. R. MURRAY, 14, Warrington Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne:
MAKES A DIFFERENCE—GOOD MEMORY—PEACE CONFERENCE.

MR. R. GARRETT, 67, Eton Avenue, Shelton Dale, Nottingham:
A PRETTY PICTURE—PACIFISTS SORE ABOUT SEATS.

MR. W. COLLIER, 4, St. Paul's Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey:
WHAT BOTTOMLEY STANDS FOR—TURNING "HOUSE" INTO "WORKSHOP."

MRS. M. LLEWELLYN, 11, Margaret Street, North Ormesby, Middlesbro':
NEVER FORGOTTEN—"ELEVENTH HOUR" BY GERMANY.

MR E. T. COOK, 2, Bradgate Lane, Rotherham:
WHAT BOTTOMLEY STANDS FOR—"TALK OF THE ARMY."

MR. D. E. SYNAN, 7, Park View Terrace, Limerick:
TURNING OVER NEW LEAF—USELESS AT "END."

MR. S. HOWSON, 181, High Street, Uxbridge:
FOURTEEN POINTS—FIFTEENTH—FINGER OF SCORN.

MRS. S. RATCLIFFE, 67, Crawford Avenue, Sefton Park, Liverpool:
IN LONDON—CAVE PERFECT, "ACCOMMODATION" LIMITED.

MR. F. ANDERSON, 102, Garfield Terrace, Tanner Street, London, S.E.:
WHAT BOTTOMLEY STANDS FOR—WILSON'S FORGOTTEN POINTS.

MISS M. ANDERSON, Ferndale, How Mill, Carlisle:
THE NEW PARLIAMENT—PITY RETURNED BEFORE TOMMY.

SERGT. C. DARRELL, R.A.F., Tytherton, Wilts:
WHAT BOTTOMLEY STANDS FOR—CONTEMPTUOUS PERFORMANCE—NO WAITING.

MR. I. S. HUGHES, c/o. Phillipson & Golder, Booksellers, Chester:
MUST PAY—ADMIRABLE—LOOK AT WINSTON!

MR. I. A. SCOBIE, The Manse, Tweedmouth, Berwick-on-Tweed:
BLAMING THE KAISER KINGS, OUR OF EMPLOYMENT.

MR. H. OLDROYD, 59, Airlie Gardens, Glasgow, W.:
A PRIZEWIN ER—PEACE HOUSE LUCK CONFERENCE.

MR. A. CRANE, Waithe, Louth Rd., Healing, Lincs:
IN LONDON—CONFERENCE—HOUSE FOR NAVY.

MISS A. HEWITT, 9, Dove Rd., Acton Vale, W.:
THE NEW PARLIAMENT—PARALYSED—"DOWN ONE SIDE."

MR. G. OSMOND, 40, Plymouth Street, Cross-on-M., Monmouth:
A NIGHT OUT—SEATS NOW WANTED SEVERE.

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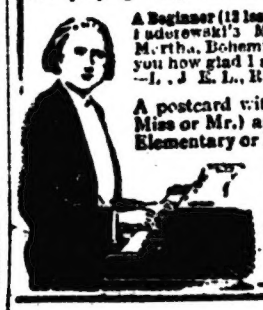
I guarantee success to any average person. **Adult Beginners** need not know a note.

Send a card to-day for my illuminating little book **"MIND, MUSCLE & KEYBOARD"** It explains my System and shows what many hundreds, of all ages and stages, say it has done for their playing. **Judge for yourself what it can do for you.**



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2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons must be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. ____. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the entry on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be clearly stated on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon must enclose one postal order for the full amount to cover the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be detached in any manner.

4. All coupons received too late to be included in the competition will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and binding. Failure on the part of any competitor to take notice of this rule will be at the express condition of entry.

Photo by Hobson.]

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NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above list, write it here.

Name.....

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